

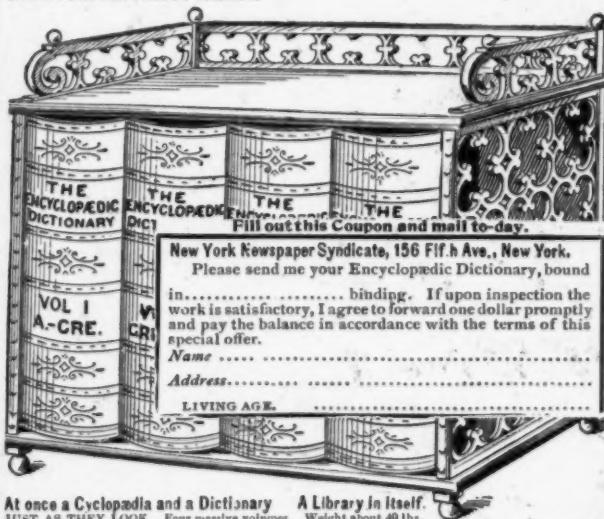
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THE LIVING AGE:

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(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES.
Volume II.

NO. 2853. MARCH 11, 1899.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXX.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE:

AN EXAMINATION AND AN APPEAL.

Never, since the end of the Great War in 1815—or, at any rate, since the patriotic uprising of 1858 (after the addresses of the Colonels to Napoleon III.)—have the relations of France and England been in such a state of threatening uncertainty as they are now. It is not a matter of one, or two, or three questions. We have believed for some time that it was so, and we were not without hopes of finding diplomacy able to arrange such difficulties and to prevent the supreme calamity of a war.

It is impossible to maintain these illusions. The fact is that a series of causes have co-operated to make bad blood between the two peoples; that some persons, on both sides of the Channel, have seized the opportunity of bringing grist to their mill; and that the Press—in some of its most influential organs—the politicians—at any rate some of the most active and least scrupulous of them—and the public—or the most noisy and least thoughtful part of it—have succeeded among them in bringing two nations, made for mutual understanding, to the brink of a deplorable conflict. Such is the situation; and it is grave enough to call for the anxious attention of all those, in France or in England, who have not wholly abandoned the traditions of nearly a century, and who persist in thinking that it would be, not only for both our countries,

but for the whole civilized world and for the destinies of freedom, perhaps the most dreadful of all calamities to see the two great Liberal Powers of the West at daggers drawn.

I do not intend at the present moment to examine in detail the questions in suspense between the two countries. If I am not wrong, these difficulties may be grouped under six heads: the Nile or North-Eastern Africa, Western Africa, Madagascar, the Far East, Slam, and Newfoundland or the French shore. Nothing, to my mind, would be more foreign to the spirit of true diplomacy, to the traditions of international goodwill, or to good method, than to put all these questions on the same footing, to make a kind of *hocus-pocus* of all of them, and to take as a point of departure, the assertion of absolute right and wrong on the other side. Everybody knows that things do not occur in such a manner as that. It is extremely rare to find a controversy in which one of the parties has the whole of the right, and the other the whole of the wrong.

Let us take, for instance, the Nile problem. I make no difficulty at all of acknowledging that Great Britain and Egypt were perfectly entitled to claim for themselves, after Omdurman, the spoils of the "stricken field" and the possession of Fashoda. What is more, I am disposed to acknowledge

that the policy of the Marchand expedition was foolish; that it was a mad undertaking; that no statesman worthy of the name, in presence of what had been done by Lord Cromer in Egypt and prepared by the Sirdar Kitchener in the Soudan, ought to have run this steeplechase of occupation; that it was to court either a conflict, for which no adequate diplomatic or military preparations had been made, or a humiliation to which no patriotic Minister ought to expose his country. From the first mooted of this regrettable business I have been convinced—and I have loyally tried to make this opinion generally accepted—that it was the duty of the French Government to recall Major Marchand as quickly as possible. Consequently, I have been one of those who have applauded with both hands the wise policy of M. Delcassé, and who have hoped against hope that, satisfaction once given to the legitimate claims of Great Britain, a new era of mutual goodwill would take the place of pinpricks and bickerings.

All that does not prevent me from feeling and saying that there is another side to this story, that it is not merely a tale of French perverseness and English patience, and that it is profoundly deplorable to see, not only the Cabinet and the Unionist majority, but too many of the Opposition leaders and of the organs of public opinion, do everything in their power to make the retreat more unpalatable and the defeat more humiliating for France. After all, it is impossible not to remember that England had evacuated the Soudan after Gordon's death, that the vast possessions of the Mahdi and the Khalifa were for a long time treated as a *res nullius*, open to the first occupant; that a treaty with the King of the Belgians, as sovereign of the Congo Free State, dealt with a

part of the late equatorial province of Emin as if it were wholly derelict; that the Protectorate of Uganda seemed to adopt the same point of view in the northern extension of its limits; that finally, even after the declaration of Sir Edward Grey, even after the battle of Omdurman, Lord Salisbury, in his telegram from the *Schlucht* to Sir Edmund Monson, did not seem to know his own mind, or to choose between the two antagonistic, or, rather, mutually exclusive, doctrines of the prior right of Ottoman and Egyptian sovereignty and of the posterior right of conquest.

No fair-minded man, I dare affirm, will dispute the fact that such conditions greatly altered the case, and that it is impossible justly to appreciate the conduct of France—conduct I am not the last to call wrong and ill-conceived—without taking into account such *data* of the problem. Once more, I do not believe it is right on the part of an impartial man to be wholly silent on the other side of the balance—I mean the fact that England has occupied Egypt under solemn and reiterated promises of evacuation. Let me be well understood: I do not say, at this time of day, that it is possible or necessary for England to fulfil to the letter, or even in their spirit, her undertakings; I do not pretend that new facts, new forces, or simply the fatal consequences of acts once done, do not justify or excuse the transformation of a temporary occupation into a final and perpetual annexation. That is not my present business. All I assert is that it is necessary, in order to arrive at a fair and equitable adjustment of the creditor and debtor accounts of both countries in this Egyptian imbroglio, to take notice of the broken pledges of one side as well as of the unsuccessful attempts at revenge of the other.

It would be the same if I dealt with

the particulars of the Madagascar business or any other. Here, too, I am very far from claiming for the French policy a monopoly of right. On the contrary, I am fully persuaded that great wrongs have been done, that dreadful mistakes have been committed, and that it is in the interest, as well as the duty, of the Government of the Republic, to try and adjust these differences in a spirit of equity. It is just because such are the feelings, not only of an individual, but of a great part of the public, that the publication at such a juncture of the Madagascar Blue-book has so painfully affected us in France. We were not without hopes of seeing, after the sharp, short tussle of the Fashoda business, after the removal of that great stone of offence, the dawn of a new era in which the two great Liberal Powers of the West should be able, if not exactly to renew immediately the *entente cordiale*, and come to an agreement upon everything, at least to agree to differ without appealing to the bloody arbitration of war. England has gained her point. Not only was the victory of Lord Kitchener at Omdurman of a nature to give satisfaction to the legitimate pride of a conquering race, and even to the warlike appetite of fighters for the love of battle, such as General Gatacre has proclaimed himself at Norwich to be, but the evacuation of Fashoda had brought the finishing touch to the great work of the occupation of the Nile Valley, to which diplomatists like Lord Cromer, and soldiers like Wolseley, Wood, and Kitchener, had so splendidly contributed, and which was to be crowned by the feats of a Cecil Rhodes in another field. The Queen's Government had triumphantly emerged from a conflict in which, at a certain moment, the prospect of a war with France had been much nearer than

would have been thought possible some years ago.

Lord Salisbury and his colleagues, some months ago were—whether justly or not I do not ask—at the lowest ebb of their political credit, even among the staunchest of their party friends, on account of their Chinese policy. Fashoda had brought them a new and intoxicating popularity. The grand policy of M. Hanotaux had simply served as a stepping-stone for the triumph of Imperialism. All that, for those of us in France who do not want a conflict, was not exactly exhilarating; but, at any rate, it seemed specially made to put England in a good temper and to dispose her statesmen to some moderation and to the fair-mindedness sometimes born of satiation. For my part, notwithstanding so many disillusion, I was not without hope that the two Governments, having been brought to the brink of the abyss, having had to face the dreadful spectre of a war, would seize on this time of grace to put their relations on a better footing, and to eliminate, if possible, the subjects of quarrel.

Doubtless, such a crisis does not close without leaving some traces. It was natural, and in some measure right, for the conqueror to be elated, for the unsuccessful party to be aggrieved and uncomfortable; for the first, perhaps, to hug his suspicions and to ruminate on the sins of his adversary; for the other to nurse his resentment and chew the cud of his wrongs. Such tempers are not very dangerous when they are not persisted in indefinitely, when they are not artificially exacerbated, and, chiefly, when men of light and leading, on both sides of the Channel, do not take on themselves to fan the fire and rake up mutual hates. If the English Government, strong in the feeling of its recent success, stronger yet in its re-

solve to crown with peace the work of its diplomatists and warriors, had openly, frankly, quietly, deliberately asked the French Government to profit by the recent lesson, and to engage in negotiations in order to define the points of disagreement and to find the basis for a mutually satisfactory arrangement, I am firmly convinced that the answer would have been prompt and favorable.

Such, unfortunately, has not been, such is not, the march of events. Instead of a full, frank discussion, we have had recriminations, angry demonstrations, shrill clamor. In fact, we are drifting once more towards a state of reciprocal ill-will and mutual anger. Every old incident is raked up in order to fan the flame of irritation. Every new difference is exaggerated to the utmost. Great journals, once worthy to lead the destinies of a nation, on account of their feeling of serious responsibility, and the broad-mindedness of their politics, do not scruple to make themselves the worst foes of peace. Special pleading in the columns of the Times is directed, with a misplaced cleverness, against the Government of France. Every bad design is attributed to the French statesmen. Every bad interpretation is put on their words and acts. A style is used which is not quite decent when speaking of or to a great nation. That is only one of the symptoms of a painful situation. The greater part of the public Press in England seems to believe that it is right for leading journals to take the tone of scurrilous *boulevard* papers, and forget to note how difficult they make it for those of the great French organs which do not demean themselves so low to preserve the dignity of their language and the fairness of their mind. Some statesmen of the first rank—even Ministers of the Crown—speak as if it

were a privilege of English platforms to call bad names, to impute bad motives, and to deal in threats. I am firmly convinced that if the great majority of Englishmen found in another country, among the Chamberlains, or the Hicks-Beaches, or the Roseberys, or in the Times, or the Standard, of a Continental nation, what we find every day among themselves, they would be dumbfounded at such an upheaval of Chauvinism.

France has, in past times, given to the world such spectacles. It may even be that France just now would be in the mind to give them anew. But is that a consolation? Do two wrongs make a right? Had we not been accustomed to look on England as a free country, accustomed to self-government and raised above the vulgar temptations of aggressive Imperialism? Alas! that is the great sorrow and the great danger of the present times. Everywhere, even in the too rare parts of the world where we thought Freedom had planted her standard, we are looking upon a retrograde movement which puts us back some centuries.

In the United States of America we see the intoxication of the new strong wine of warlike glory carrying a great democracy off its feet, and raising the threatening spectre of militarism, with its fatal attendant, Cæsarism, in the background. Under the pretext of "manifest destiny" the great Republic of the western hemisphere is becoming unfaithful to the principles of her founders, to the precedents of her constitutional life, to the traditions which have made her free, glorious, and prosperous. The seductions of Imperialism are drawing the United States towards the abyss where all the great democracies of the world have found their end. The cant of Anglo-Saxon Alliance, of the brotherhood-in-arms of English-

speaking people, is serving as a cloak to the nefarious designs of those who want to cut in two the grand motto of Great Britain: *Imperium et Libertas*, and to make *Imperium* swallow *Libertas*.

In the United Kingdom a similar tendency is at work. Everybody sees that the present England is no longer the England, I do not say of Cobden or Bright, but of Peel, Russell, Palmerston, Derby, or even Disraeli. A kind of intoxication of power has seized the people. Mr. Chamberlain has known how to take the flood in time, and to ride the crest of the new wave. The Unionist party is disposed to believe that it is to the interest of the privileged classes to nurse the pride of Empire; first, because they govern it and profit by it; secondly, and chiefly, because nothing diverts more surely the spirit of reform than the Imperialist madness. It is a curious thing, but a fact beyond dispute, that when the classes are on the verge of rising in their majesty and asking for their rights, the classes have only to throw into their eyes the powder of Imperialism, and to raise the cry of "The Fatherland in danger," in order to bring them once more, meek and submissive, to their feet.

Just now, a part of the English democracy seems only too much inclined to lend itself to this sorry farce. We have seen working men, who ought to give their whole strength to the organization of their class and to the advent of social justice, foolishly echoing the warlike clamors of the patriots of music-halls, and attitudinizing as true Jingoists. Mr. John Morley, who is nothing if not a sombre, austere, incorruptible witness to the great principles of modern Liberalism, has just raised his voice—not an hour too soon—in protest against this Brummagen Imperialism. He might

have reminded his Montrose auditors that it is a great error to confound Imperialism and Empire; that, in fact, the era of the constitution of the Empire coincides with the predominance of the doctrines of the Manchester school, and what would be called now *Little Englandism*; that the pinchbeck Imperialism of our latter-day patriots is probably the worst symptom of the exhaustion of the true world-conquering impetus, and the beginning of that period of decadence in which words do duty for acts, and where they are all the more high-sounding and pretentious as the acts are less brave and noble. However, he has registered a powerful, honest, opportune protest against the spirit of militarism, which seems fated to become the worst foe of our so-dearly-bought franchises, and of that ideal of social justice which the next century has for its appointed task to realize among us.

For my part, what I want to impress on all the readers of these pages, written amidst the tumult of a dreadful struggle for the elementary rights of freedom and justice, is that the systematic disturbance of the relations between France and England, the provocation of a criminal conflict between these two great Liberal peoples, is only a special aspect of the general revival of militarism at the present time. Once more, I am fully convinced that it is possible, and even easy, for the diplomacy of our two great countries to find for all our differences a basis of arrangement. It is a matter of goodwill and good sense. I am perfectly disposed to acknowledge that France has, for a long time, pursued a line of conduct which has exposed her fairly to the accusation of ill-temper towards England. Though I believe that the wrongs have been more equally distributed than seems to be thought in

England, I am certain that it is absolutely necessary for the two Governments to renounce a policy of pin-pricks and bickerings. I am convinced the elements of an equitable adjustment of all differences are to be found in a negotiation begun with the sincere wish to make it successful. Only it is indispensable not to let matters drift. There is abroad, at work on both sides of the Channel, a spirit of unrest, of hatred, of quarrelsomeness. It is called Jingoism or Imperialism in England. In France it is named Nationalism. Just now we are a small band of Frenchmen who are sustaining a dreadful struggle against this most powerful of foes.

It is not my present object to narrate here the Dreyfus affair. It is now a long time since the personal aspects of this great trial of forces have, if not wholly disappeared, at any rate been subordinated to the more general aspects of the case. Doubtless there are in France some men who are resolved to obtain full justice even for a Jew, even against the coalition of nearly all the great social powers, even at the cost of the infallibility of Councils of War and of the fair fame of the General Staff. But what everybody with eyes in his head does see and understand now, is that we have to make war against a new and formidable alliance of Militarism, Cæsarism, and Clericalism. It is for us Liberals a question of life or death. And, as generally happens, the situation has gradually become more and more confused and intricate. At the beginning people took sides for or against Dreyfus or Esterhazy, Picquart or Henry, Generals Mercier, Bolsdeffre and Pellieux, or the Court of Cassation. Then they sided with justice against so-called reasons of State, or with light against darkness. Now it is for or against Nationalism, for or against the su-

premacy of military power, for or against anti-Semitism, for or against Clerical Cæsarism.

And what is interesting is that the Nationalists have already developed a foreign policy. They are the patriots *par excellence*. They put us out of the French nation. They call us Jews, Germans, or traitors. An Alsatian name—such as that of Dreyfus or President Loew—stinks in their nostrils. And behold! these great *revanchards*, these men who have twice at least every year solemnly retaken the Statue of Strasbourg on the Place de la Concorde, these Deroulède and Co. who preached, wrote, sang, in season and out of season, for a war with Germany; now, behold! they have changed all that! In their papers, the great publicists of the party—Whist (Valfrey), Ernest Daudet, Jules Lemaitre (alas for his wit of former years), Judet—are writing up the German Alliance, and denouncing as the hereditary foe—England.

There is something ridiculous and nauseous in this *volte face*. It is a shame for people who were madly in hate against Germany suddenly to turn their coats and profess a kind of friendship for that Power. If it were my purpose to discuss a German alliance, I believe it would not be difficult to show all the contradictions, all the dangers of this idea. To my mind nothing is more probable for France, if, unhappily, her statesmen lent an ear to such counsels, than to find herself between two stools, having alienated irrevocably English goodwill, without conquering the good graces of Germany. The Kaiser is not disposed to run at the whistle of the first Deroulède or Millevoje who changes his views and ceases to preach the Holy War.

But what I want to insist upon here is that, just as in England it is Imperialism—that is to say, the foe of

true democracy, of freedom, and of social progress—which is at the bottom of the anti-French agitation, so in France it is Nationalism—that is to say, the party of military and clerical reaction—which is flirting with a German alliance and working for a rupture with England. Consequently, on both sides of the Channel, and in the whole world, the fate of Liberalism, or, in other terms, the future of civilization, is absolutely connected with the state of the relations of our two countries.

At any time it would have been a crime and a sin to precipitate the two great Liberal peoples of the world into a fratricidal war. Just now, when the whole of mankind is threatened everywhere with a dreadful crisis, when parliamentary institutions are on their trial, when the democracy is hesitating between the noble and manly struggles of freedom and the deceitful tranquillity of despotism, when we see an offensive return of forces we believed dead, such as militarism and that bloody fanaticism—anti-Semitism; when, in Eng-

land, Imperialism threatens to substitute the intoxications of conquest and material expansion for the noble and proud endeavor of a self-governing democracy; when, in France, Nationalism and its unclean brood are, perhaps, on the eve of a strangling freedom, of enslaving justice, and inaugurating a new era of false glory and military tyranny, there would be no excuse for those of us who with their eyes open should deliberately contribute to a conflict.

The duty is clear. Every one of those who believe in right, who love peace, who hope for a future of social progress, and who hate with their whole soul the reign of force, ought to take in hand the sacred cause of a peaceful adjustment of the difficulties between France and England. It cannot be beyond the power of the will of two great civilized nations, or of the skill of their statesmen and diplomatists, to prevent a calamity which would be the greatest triumph of the spirit of reaction, of brutal might, and of injustice in the world.

Francis de Pressensé.

The Contemporary Review.

FLY FISHING.

The first printed book on Fyshynge was published in 1496, and was chiefly from the hand of the Mother of Fishermen, Dame Julyans Berners. The "Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation" appeared in 1653; and, in the hundred and fifty years' interval, but four books on angling were issued. It is different nowadays. Fishing books covering the whole field, books dealing with special branches, text-books, volumes in a "Series," volumes of a "Library," reprints, edited and prefaced—so much the fash-

ion nowadays—pour unceasingly from the press. Of making of fishing books there is, indeed, no end; but, to me at least, much study is no weariness of the flesh. They recall the red-letter days, the delightful memories of the past; and they make one certain that next year, next season, the real big fish, the record day, will assuredly arrive.

Walton was a Royalist. To him, then, when he wrote, the country was in a parlous state. The villanous and canting Roundhead had beheaded his

King and outlawed the legitimate Heir. The whole realm was seething with agitation and discontent. That at such a time he could write such a book, replete with peace, content, and human kindness, is a clear proof that old Izaak was a true fisherman, and had the true fisherman's absorption in his sport. Such was the true fisherman then, such is the true fisherman now—when fishing, or writing and dreaming of fishing. But in these days of limited opportunity on the one hand, and of sophisticated trout on the other, the fisherman has neither time nor inclination to follow the example of that "quaint old cruel coxcomb," our father Izaak—most delightful, yet laziest, thirstiest, most garrulous of anglers—and dally in cleanly honest ale-houses, singing songs to pass away the hour, or conversing with any stranger who comes to hand.

Why is fishing such a fascinating sport? There are many reasons. In it anticipation, the pleasures of hope, play an exceptionally large part—man seldom is, but always to be, blessed. Then, there is no sport in which the unknown has so obvious and so fascinating a share; no bounds need be, nor indeed are, set to the imagination. The pleasure does not even largely lie, is certainly not entirely dependent, on the killing. Fishing is fishing, even if you catch no fish. And a blank day's fishing—unless due to human or Satanic agency, a broken rod, rotten casts, over-tempered flies, weed cutting or yellow floods—may be open to regret, but is never detestable. All day long the fisherman has been exercising his skill and his intelligence; and if, for once, the fish have got the better of him, there are always a thousand good reasons for his want of success.

One of the chief charms, however, of fly fishing lies certainly in the knowledge that the sport depends on, and is a fair contest between, the fish and the

man. That is much. And further, and that also is much, one cannot tell what the day will bring forth. Your purse or your host may provide you with a river, and a river with salmon or trout in it; but no human being can foretell what your bag will be—a blank, a record, a betwixt and between.

Sea trout fishing this year in Mull—bad sport, but lovely surroundings—I happened on one occasion, fishing from a boat, to count my casts. I calculated that, on that day, I cast no less than four thousand times. Thus, on four thousand distinct occasions in the course of the day, it was to me a matter of dire uncertainty, but a matter of interest and moment, whether I should get a rise at all, and whether, if so, it would be from a satisfactory fish. Would a small sea trout come with a dash and a flash, or a sizable sea trout boldly rise; could a grilse be induced to take, or would an obtrusive little brown trout seize the fly and spoil the cast? And this was in loch fishing, the interest and excitement of which is as nothing to that experienced, for instance, on a salmon river, when the fly comes round into the critical eddy, or nears the spot at which, once before, a fish was risen and hooked; nor to that experienced on a trout stream, when the well cocked fly sails lightly over the spot where the fading dimple of the rising fish can still be seen.

Shooting has, of course, its own peculiar charms and satisfactions. A quick driven grouse well killed; a neat right and left at partridges as they top the hedge; a tall, rocketing pheasant, coming down wind, that collapses without a feather or a flutter—these are good, yet the pleasure is fleeting. In fishing, however, there is not only the excitement of the cast, but, whether you land him or lose him, there is an exhilaration in hooking and playing a good fish which nothing else can give.

The solitude, the fact that you are alone with nature, its loveliness, its restfulness; the sound of waters, the sight and song of birds, the trees and flowers, are not the least of the pleasures of fly fishing; enjoyed, too (trout fishing at least), during the loveliest time of the year, when Nature is still producing, multiplying, beautifying, and the fulness is not yet.

And now we breathe the odors of the glen,
And round about us are enchanted things;
The bird that hath blithe speech unknown to men,
The river keen, that hath a voice and sings.

Not indeed, except in books, is the fisherman very acutely observant of the natural beauties of his surroundings. Unconsciously, no doubt, the soul is steeped in her beauties, her freshness, her repose, but the mind is chiefly absorbed with the sport. On the other hand, the bird and animal life of the water-side is a perpetual source of active pleasure. The shy but companionable reed-frequenting birds, the bolder and more noisy birds in the woods, make you welcome to the stream. You hear the delicious coo of the nesting wood pigeon, the harsh cry of the yakka, as he flops with a flash of green from one resting-place to another, the all-pervading, cheery, stimulating call of the cuckoo. The dainty little tomtit flits to and fro; the wagtail runs and stops, runs and stops; the myriad lark warbles its "mysterious joy." Everywhere, high and low, over the stream and over the land, fly unceasingly the swift, the swallow, and the martin. Haply a kingfisher darts up the stream, his tropical burnish flashing in the sun. The peewit, clad in half-mourning, utters its appropriately melancholy call, and wheels its somewhat mournful flight, as though much of life had lost its savor. From the

side of the bank rises an occasional wild duck; or a late-breeding snipe drums its tail like a bleating goat, as it drops headlong in the air. In the stream the well-groomed dabchick bobs up and down. A moor-hen swims leisurely into the reeds, flirting its patchy white tail; or, suddenly alarmed, scrambles noisily over the rising trout, not taking the trouble, slattern as it is, to tuck up its legs as it flies. The glossy water rat sits nibbling a water weed; or, dropping noiselessly into the stream, dimples the surface like a rising fish.

And it is not only trout that come to hand. Swallows I have more than once caught on my fly—two in one day at Long Parish. Then, when a rat is swimming perkily across the stream, cocksure that you cannot reach him with your waving rod, it is amusing to try, by casting over him, to hook the fly into his fur. It is not an easy operation, but it can be done; and the disillusioned rat is easily brought to shore, lustily swearing. If it be a land rat, kill it; if it be a water rat, release it.

Then, sometimes a jack rises to the fly; and not bad fun they give on a single-handed rod. The largest I ever caught in this way was a five-pounder; while an eight-pounder, hooked in the back fin with a tiny fly, once played a friend of mine for two hours by the clock. The pike is, no doubt, not such a powerful or athletic fish as the salmon or trout—he has too many superfluous bones, and grows his dorsal fin too far back. But he seldom has a chance of showing the stuff of which he is made. Even against the combined forces of a stiff rod, a strong line, a gimp cast, and a couple of triangles pressing his mouth open, he shows both pluck and resource. The abuse showered on his head for his ferocity and voracity is overdone. True, he is not a vegetarian, but no more is a trout; and his intelligent and speaking coun-

tenance is overcast with a melancholy tinge of expression, as though he truly regretted the mode of life forced upon him by his digestive system.

And what about the weather? Moderately fine weather is essential to real enjoyment out shooting. On a wet day, be the game what it may, both the beaters and the birds are demoralized, and, when shot, what damp, moist, unpleasant bodies the birds become. But out salmon fishing one can positively revel in a storm of rain and wind, which may excite the jaded and failing appetites of the salmon, and result in "a gran' day." Clad in waders and short impenetrable "*aqua scutum*"—blessings on the gods for such a gift—the fisherman can bid defiance to the elements. Nay, he can remain dry and warm even during such a phenomenal downpour as that described by the Irishman, in which the drops of rain varied in size from a shilling to eighteen pence.

Some dry-fly fishermen enjoy, I know (in books), a blustering down-stream wind, and can throw as easily against it as with it. I know I cannot; I know that such a wind is bad for my temper, and largely destructive of my sport and pleasure. The ideal day for trout fishing is a day fine, still, warm, and fleecy. Such a day is physically delightful. Such a day enables one the more easily to see, and the better to observe, the fish and the whole performance. On such a day, moreover, the fly usually hatches the best, and consequently the fish are more likely to rise.

It is all this, and much more, which, in spite of the strain involved to brain and eye and hand, makes a day's fly fishing, snatched from the worry and scurry of life, the most fascinating of pleasures, the truest of recreations, the greatest of rests. And I most emphatically endorse the line adopted by Dr. Paley, who, on being taken to task by

the Bishop of Durham for delaying the completion of one of his most important works, answered: "My Lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over."

And is there cruelty in the sport? Shooting has its dark side; and I fear that fishing, taken as a whole, is not free from blame. But my withers are unwrung. The fly-fishing duffer incommodes no one of God's creatures. The successful fisherman at once painlessly kills the fish as he lands it; or, tenderly extracting the barb, gently supports him in the stream, until, his breath recovered, his nausea gone, he sails gallantly away. And between whiles? The tiniest of hooks is affixed with the slightest of penetration to the least sensitive part of the body. The fish is frightened, doubtless, deadly frightened at the end; but it can scarcely suffer pain in the ordinary sense of the term. If the hold gives, he is soon ready to feed again. If the gut breaks and he goes off with the fly, he, as a rule, speedily rids himself of the incumbrance; and if not, while it remains he apparently suffers little, if any, discomfort.

I have myself—and all fishermen can probably say the same—more than once, in striking, lost a fly in a fish, and almost directly afterwards caught the fish and recovered the fly. I remember one bright Sunday watching from an overhanging tree, with my opera glasses, a big trout from whose mouth hung a yard and a half of gut, and in whose mouth, plainly visible, was a large artificial mayfly. Yet he was not in the least incommoded, and took down fly after fly with regularity and gusto. He was not to be found the next day, and by that time had probably ridded himself of the incumbrance. On the Mimram once, at Marden, a black gnat was lost in a trout. Two months later the fish, plump and sleek, was taken on a fly with the

black gnat still sticking to its jaw, but with no signs of inflammation. Again, a friend of mine, fly fishing in the Bure, saw a pike strike and disperse a shoal of dace. Immediately he threw over the spot, rose and hooked a dace, which, on being landed, was found scarred with the marks of the pike's teeth, the wounds still actually bleeding; a good proof that the sense of pain cannot be acute in fish.

As regards trout, there is fly fishing and fly fishing—there is chalk and there is cheese. There is loch fishing. There is the down-stream fishing of the northern streams, the "chuck and chance it" system, where you flog along with a couple or three flies on your cast in the blind hope that a fish will be there and will hook itself on. There is the more scientific "wet"-fly fishing, with one or two flies, casting up-stream. Finally, there is the newest and the most skilled system—fishing with one fly, always floated dry on the surface, and only presented to a fish on the feed. In this case the "wet" fly is confined to its legitimate sphere, a tailing fish, rough shallows, hopeless days—when it also will probably not catch fish.

Frederic Halford is the Izaak Walton, George Dewar is the Charles Cotton of dry-fly fishing—and I would that they had lived earlier, or preached sooner. For one recalls, with something of a sigh, the fishing days in years gone by, before dry-fly fishing was. Delightful as they were, how much more delightful they would have been if one had fished with a "dry" fly instead of a "wet" fly, had fished the rise instead of whipping the stream, had always, instead of only occasionally, fished at a fish instead of for a fish.

How Kingsley and Froude would have loved the dry fly had they but known of it. The rhapsody over the alder (as a wet fly fully deserved)

would have been nothing to the pæan of praise that Kingsley would have melodiously poured forth over the floating quill gnat or olive dun, if only he had written his "Chalk Stream Studies" in this year of grace instead of forty years ago. And, twenty years later, the charm of Cheney's would have been much enhanced to Froude if, instead of knotting his march-brown and "never failing red-spinner" to the same cast, he had fished the lovely Ches, by the home of the Russells, with a single well dried, well cocked fly.

Cheney's: what delightful memories it recalls! There, some fifteen or twenty years ago, I went, on more than one occasion, with Matthew Arnold to enjoy with him his three days' annual Whitsun fishing—days which to him were of peculiar delight. How well I remember the quaint old inn, the quiet, tree-shaded, well ordered village, the limpid stream, the rising trout; and the evenings spent with the most genial and delightful of men. His preference, when fishing, was for numbers rather than size, mine for size rather than numbers. So he cast line for choice in the swift and gurgling streams below the mill, while I fished the deeper and stiller waters above, where the two- and three-pounders lay.

And what does dry-fly fishing mean? Armed with a light rod, a fine cast, a single fly carefully selected, the exact counterpart of some insect that is or might be on the water, you carefully scan the stream. A "great old trout, both subtle and fearful," is seen to be on the feed. Up-stream you stalk him, crouching or crawling. More than a cast length below the spot you pause, until again the ring of the rise is seen. A further cautious approach, a further kneeling wait. Again the black nose appears, a fly is sucked down. The brain judges the distance to an inch, and simultaneously instructs the hand and eye. A preliminary cast is made

across the stream, another wave of the rod, and the tiny fly alights jauntily on the water like a living thing—yet easily to be distinguished from the natural insect as the two move side by side. It floats lightly over the desired spot where lies the fish. Half turning lazily on his side, lazily he opens his great white mouth and sucks in the fly. A half-turn of the wrist and he is fast. The reel makes merry music, while rapidly runs the line. Soon is the first rush over; cautiously the line is recovered, the fish appears to yield; another rush, again he yields; then, turning sharply, headlong he bolts down-stream, for one anxious moment slackening the line. Another rush, a leap into the air, the strain is increased; he turns slightly on his side, but, quickly recovering himself, shakes his jaws; again he rolls, and again, at each roll showing more of his silvery side, and now like a log he lies motionless. The right hand has grasped the landing net, the left holds the rod with shortened line; the net sinks in the water, and, yielding to the gentle pressure, nearer he rolls; then, with a swift, cautious, almost imperceptible movement, it is under him, and he lies gasping for breath upon the bank.

But there may be another side. Perhaps the trout, after critically gazing at the fly, palpably turns the cold shoulder, as only a trout and a chow-dog can do. The same or some other tempting morsel is persistently offered, but without response. After a time the trout ceases to feed, then slowly sinks to the bottom, and finally rushes madly away with an undulating wave, as confidence, suspicion, observation and panic succeed one another. But, whether he has risen, been put down, or been given up as a bad job, you have had for a space, at least, a real object and interest in life. The man, as has been well said, who merely fishes for the sake of what he can

catch is not so much an angler as a fishmonger.

Enjoy thy stream, O harmless fish;
And when an angler for his dish,
Through gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee out,
God give thee strength, O gentle trout,
To pull the raskall in!

No comparison shall be made between dry-fly fishing for trout and fly fishing for salmon. No comparison is possible where things do not compete. Each is perfect in its own delightful way. The sensation of hooking a salmon—the check of the fly, the scream of the reel—is there anything like it? The intense, the almost painfully intense excitement of playing a lively salmon in broken water cannot be equalled. A height of bliss that may be speedily followed by the depths of despair, when, after the prolonged tension, and when the fish is actually brought to gaff, the hold gives. And, oh! the gasp of relief, the feeling of elation, when, the hook holding, the silvery bulk is safely lifted to the bank. In a successful but chequered day's salmon fishing the whole gamut of feeling that moves poor humanity is run through note by note.

A day's trout-fishing does not give rise to such intensity of feeling. But to fish for trout implies, as a rule, catching fish, which is by no means the case when one is after salmon—and catching fish means living moments. To my mind, also, the beguiling of the farlo requires greater skill, observation, and intelligence; and this is pleasure. In salmon fishing the kindly current, as a rule, forcibly rectifies the errors of your baggy cast, and brings the fly over the fish, gently undulating the feathers the while. It is all one to the salmon, if he has not seen the rod, what the actual cast was like so long as the fly in the end comes at-

tractively darting over him. Not so the trout. The slovenly cast, the splash, the snakes, are neither forgiven nor forgotten. With a great wave he is off up-stream, spreading the tale of suspicion right and left as he goes, and for a time will cease to feed. In dry-fly fishing the beginner cannot hope to compete with the professor; in salmon fishing he may perhaps enjoy his record at his first essay, and subsequently will, on occasion, by luck hook a fish or two, while the past master, his companion, does not get a rise. Playing a salmon is a different matter; and here nerve, resource, judgment, and experience will greatly tell.

Certainly, nowadays, no one need go ignorant of the art of fly fishing. Books, illustrations, directions, diagrams abound, which will enable the beginner perfectly to equip himself; and, when equipped, to cast, to rise, hook, play and land his fish—from his armchair. In some ways valuable hints and suggestions may be acquired from fishing and from shooting books, and I, for one, do not scruple to write them down and to keep them handy. But it is one thing to imbibe instructions, and quite another always to carry them out. Grouse-driving, for instance: "keep still," "keep cool," "take them coming," "pick your bird," "stick to your bird"—admirable maxims. But memory is a slate, and excitement acts as a sponge. The dear little black bullet heads appear, the pack flashes like lightning over and around. The hour of trial has come, and where are the resolutions? So, too, salmon-fishing. How often have you said to yourself, "Give him time, give him time," and yet—especially if it be the first fish of the season, how often, alas! is the fly plucked away all too soon when the fish comes with a dash and a boil?

There are, however, in dry-fly fishing certain elementary rules, easy to re-

member, and not difficult to carry out: Keep yourself and your rod out of sight; "the sight of any shadow" as Walton says, "amazes the fish;" he knows a hawk from a handsaw, a man from a cow. Remember that the first cast, after crawling into position, is all-important; wait for a good opportunity, as regards wind, sun, and fish, rather than impatiently take a bad one. Don't hurry your casts; pause often. Keep your eye on the fly; always expect a rise at each cast. Stick to your fish unless indeed they are well on the feed. Go rather for the fish rising at the side or under the bank than for the one rising in mid-stream. Fish "fine" but not "far off," unless absolutely obliged; never throw a long line where a short cast will suffice; use a short casting line rather than a long one, two yards instead of three. "Strike" or not, as nature teaches you; what I do myself I do not know, except that if, through inattention, I do nothing the fish is not hooked. Use eyed hooks of course. Limit your flies as much as you can; the standard patterns will serve, the others will only confuse. Never hesitate, through laziness, to change your sodden and fatigued-looking fly for a fresh and dry one; the latter may seduce a trout, the former would not beguile a chub. Do not be hard on the hooked fish, keep an even strain; let him have line freely when he wants it, but recover a little more from him after each rush. Finally, keep your eyes open, and your intelligence on the alert; and (in spite of what Mr. Dewar may say) take your cruse of oil and your opera glasses.

As Mr. Halford well says, "with the modern angler it may be taken as an axiom that his sport is not what is popularly called *luck*, but varies directly as his judgment; and, as a corollary, it may be added that, provided he is a keen and accurate observer, his judgment will vary directly as his experi-

ence, tempered by his capacity of execution." To this, and including this, I would add, as perhaps the chief factor in a good bag—perseverance. A moderate performer with the rod, if always on the alert, always on the look-out, will often, on his dry fly, pick up a grubber under the bank, a bulger here, a taller there, a fish rising in some difficult or unexpected spot; or, by importunity, may actually weary a reluctant fish into taking the fly. Observation of the habits of the trout, and especially knowledge of the particular stream, will of course stand the persevering fisherman in good stead.

Maxims, nostrums are all very well, perseverance is an invaluable adjunct, but what if the trout will not rise? And truly they are capricious brutes. Why can't they always rise freely and merrily, instead of too often indulging in their detestable tricks and habits?

The proficiency of the fisherman has greatly advanced. His rod is improved, his gut is finer, his fly is more life-like than of old; yet he does not make bigger bags than those who fished in trousers and tall hats, or who, like Cotton, fished without reels and with preposterous-looking flies.

The education of the wary trout has kept pace with the improvement in the wiles of the angler. And this is just as well, else would chalk stream trout be as scarce as the Notornis, as extinct as the dodo. The modern trout is as particular as the Meduse, who go to the bottom of the sea when it rains. They know the names of all the pattern flies as well as you do, they know one make from another. Where Sunday fishing is not allowed they freely

utilize their day of rest. "Soon as ever the church bells begin to ring on Sundays," as an observant friend remarked, "the trout begin to rise. But," added he, "one time I dodged them. It was a Good Friday, but they thought it was Sunday, and when they began to rise *I was there.*"

Dry-fly fishing has only come into general use for some ten years or so; but if the Darwinian theory is good for anything, will it be only a matter of time before the southern trout cease to rise? The freest risers will be killed off; the tailers, the bulgers, the feeders on minnow and shrimp will survive. Has the principle of natural selection already begun to work, and what will be the position fifty or a hundred years hence?

And what aggravating ways these trout have! How deeply absorbed they often are in other things, to the exclusion of any interest in a dry fly. There is the "tailing" fish, feeding on caddis snail or shrimp, breaking the surface, for all the world like a rise, with his tail instead of with his nose. There is the "bulging" fish, feeding on the larvæ or nymphæ, making the water boil in a tantalizing way, as he darts hither and thither in their pursuit. There is the "smutting" fish, greedily taking down the tiniest of insects, and utterly oblivious of your finest cast and smallest fly; which, indeed, as it floats side by side with the monstrously minute "curse," appears a Gulliver among the Lilliputians. There is the "traveller," usually a good fish, who, at intervals on the feed, moves up after every mouthful, and who, all of a sudden, unbeknown to you drops down-stream,

¹ Sunday, it may be remarked, is an excellent day for watching the habits of the trout and for picking up many a wrinkle. I have often amused myself by sitting on a bridge over the Mimram, catching flies and dropping them into the water, occasionally varying the diet by a dry fly with the barb broken off. Both real and artificial flies are invariably taken, but the latter are instantly and violently spat out. One Sunday, I remember, I went quietly up a

reach of the river, spotting the large trout lying close to the bank. Wherever I thought, from the look of the fish, the way he was lying, and the configuration of the bank, that he was really at home and on the look-out, I carefully marked with the visible stick or stone the exact spot opposite where his head would be when he returned after I had gone. This I did in the case of six fish, every one of which I rose or caught the next day.

and is scared by the rod which was casting to where his last rise was seen. There is the "cruiser," a resident in still waters, a more likely customer for the fly; but who, being ever on the move, as likely as not never comes near your fly.

Here your opera glasses will come in useful. You can, with them, definitely decide whether it was head or tail that broke the surface there; whether that fish was bulging or rising, whether that other was confining itself to curses; what fly this one was taking at intervals; and whether that fish, lying near the surface, is on the look-out for a fly or merely passing the time—perhaps asleep. You can watch, besides, the movements and note the idiosyncrasies of the fish; no small additional pleasure, and educating and amusing withal. You may often notice a large fish giving a sort of dissipated yawn, opening wide his big white mouth; while another will be munching his food with zest, expanding and contracting his gills, and shaking his head as he turns the savory morsel in his mouth, licking his lips in enjoyment.

But I have not exhausted the record of the soul-vexing habits of the trout. Even on days when the fish are rising freely, and always when they are rising badly, they knock off and have a siesta between 2.30 and 5.30. And then the evening fishing, to which one looks forward to retrieve the day or to add to its success, how often is it but vanity and vexation of spirit—fish moving indeed, yet not rising; rising indeed, yet declining the fly.

But the most exasperating and the most mysterious of all their tricks is that commonly called "taking short;" or, as Cotton describes it (so it is no new thing), the trout "only chew your fly and will not take it." On some days, or rather during periods of some days, the fish, apparently rising freely

at the fly, do not touch it at all; on other days they will take it boldly and are seemingly hooked, but after a decided tug or even a good rush the hook "comes unfastened." A striking instance of this (one among many) occurred to me one day on the Kennet last season. The fish were rising moderately well all day, and up to four o'clock I had been very successful, partly with the mayfly but chiefly with small flies. After four o'clock, though the trout were apparently rising as freely and, indeed, as it got later more freely than before, I hardly succeeded in landing a fish; yet I must have risen and touched a score or more.

What is the reason? It must be due to some peculiarity in the light or to some special atmospheric conditions. A change in the latter often, as we know, tends to make the fish more wary and observant. Then it may be that, as the fish nears the surface, and is on the point of seizing his prey, he suddenly perceives something abnormal and deceptive about the fly, which under other conditions of light was not so clearly seen. This consciousness, this sudden suspicion comes too late to prevent the rise, but just enables the fish to avoid touching the hook; or, by suddenly closing his gills instead of opening them, to eject the fly as it enters his mouth; or, by actually closing his mouth, to prevent its entrance. As confirmation of this last mentioned theory, Mr. Halford has noticed (and I have observed the same) that when fish are taking short, the hook occasionally comes back with a tiny scale attached.

I can make no definite suggestion for the better circumvention of the trout under any of these conditions. Watch, wait, persevere, and haply you will overcome their vigilance and be rewarded. If, however, there be a decent and well behaved fish about, go for him and leave the others alone:—

"'How if a' will not stand?'"

"'Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and thank God you are rid of a knave.'"

Sometimes, however, even trout will lose their shyness, and throw to the winds all their protective habits. In the mayfly time, of course, the trout often, though not always, give way to the vice of gluttony and become reckless. It is a mad time for a short time, and after that the reckoning. But at other times and on other days, as all fishermen have experienced, the fish will also occasionally lose their heads and their caution. I remember once, with but a short hour and a half to spare between house and station, catching on the alder and the quill gnat seven fish weighing thirteen and a quarter pounds. On another occasion, in a small piece of water in which casual casting would usually produce but two or three fish, I caught one evening, late in September, after shooting all day, no less than twenty trout in the course of an hour, almost without moving a yard. On the Colne at Munden, one aldermanic trout of two pounds and a half took my fly after he had already gulped down seventy-nine minnows; and another of the same weight, caught by Mr. Hibbert, had no less than 960 mayflies in him—as their respective autopsies showed.

The question of flies is a large subject, and not to be lightly undertaken at the end of an article. Frankly, as regards salmon flies I have no views. It is now a recognized fact that the digestive organs and the appetite of the salmon fall rapidly in the fresh water. Salmon flies do not resemble any known article of diet. It must, therefore, be more playfulness than hunger, more curiosity than desire for food, that induces a salmon to seize a fly. Under these circumstances I am inclined to agree with those who consider that the salmon is truly catholic in his

tastes; that he appreciates equally the old-fashioned modest "Meg" and the now fashionable "Wilkinson;" that he would as readily rise at a Quaker as at a Cardinal—in a word, as Sir Herbert Maxwell puts it, that "the color and material of a fly matters very little, *if anything*, while the size and movement thereof is all important."

But, for my own part, though I fill my box with flies many and varied, I am content—my opportunities forbid me the luxury of experiments—to accept, at least as a beginning, the fly fancied by the gillie; and this even though he selects the fly with the idea that the fish desires and takes it for food, and is shocked—as was my gillie last summer on the Shin—by the scandalous suggestion, culled from the Fishery Board Report, that *his* salmon could possibly be ascetic and dyspeptic.

As regards trout flies there is no dispute. The fish comes for them solely under the impression that they are savory morsels, the food that his soul loveth. Further, while the patterns of salmon flies are ever changing and increasing, the tendency of late years, especially with dry-fly fishing, has been to reduce the number of flies and to confine them to a few standard patterns, which experience has shown to be the most killing. Walton gave twelve "kinds of artificial flies to angle with upon the top of the water," as communicated to him by "an ingenious brother of the angle, an honest man and a most excellent fly fisher." This number Cotton increased considerably, and writer after writer added to the list until, some fifty years ago, there were nearly a hundred patterns in vogue. Even Francis Francis, in his standard work (1872), described fifty to sixty flies. Mr. Halford, in his "Dry-fly Fishing" (1889), reduced the number to twenty, which Mr. Dewar, in his "Book of the Dry Fly" (1897), further reduced to eleven, including mayfly and

spent-gnat. Sir Edward Grey, a notable and successful fisherman, relies mainly (so he tells us) on three flies—the gray quill gnat, the red quill gnat, and the black spider. For myself, I chiefly use the olive dun, gray quill, Wickham, silver sedge, and occasional alder.

Sir Herbert Maxwell contends, as we know, that fish are color-blind, and that, while they can distinguish between shades of color, they are incapable of distinguishing, or at all events do not distinguish, between the colors themselves. This may be so, but I do not feel that the experiments yet made are at all conclusive. The trout, in the mayfly season, were offered mayflies, red and blue instead of the regulation gray—and they took them. But this is hardly a test. And as regards the particular trout on which Sir Herbert made one of his two experiments, it so happened that I was myself fishing the same water the very next day. The fish were, for the time being, simply silly, and had lost all discrimination; so much so that I got fifty fish over one pound each, weighing sixty-seven pounds (besides smaller ones), and this without knowing the water. The experiment should be made, not with the mayfly, but with gaudy quills and brilliant duns, cast over shy and cautiously rising trout.

From many quarters we hear, nowadays, jeremiads over the present position and the future prospects of our salmon rivers. Whether salmon are really and seriously diminishing in numbers, I cannot say, for I do not know; but I fear there is much truth in the assertion. This, however, may be said by way of consolation, that if

salmon are going to the dogs now, they were equally supposed to be going to the dogs any time this past seventy years or more. Whether it be Davy, Scrope, or St. John, "good sport" is spoken of in the past sense; it was even then, as Sir Humphry Davy puts it, a case of "*fruit*."

But whatever be the truth in regard to salmon, this I do know—it is within my own personal observation and experience—that the rapacity of some of the London Water Companies has of late years told severely on the trout streams of Hertfordshire and Essex. The springs have been tapped, and the flow and scour of the streams have been seriously diminished.

I sincerely hope—I speak here as a fisherman merely—that the much talked of, long postponed supply of water to come from Wales to meet the needs of London, will soon take a concrete shape. If it be much further delayed the Hertfordshire trout will be in the same predicament as the East Londoners—and will like it even less. Already the shallows, where they freely and securely wallowed of yore, no longer cover their broad backs and dorsal fins. And, if no check be put to the reckless action of the Water Companies, the prophecy of Isaiah will assuredly be fulfilled:—

"The rivers shall be wasted and dried up.

"The paper reeds by the brooks, by the mouth of the brooks, and everything sown by the brooks, shall wither, be driven away and be no more.

"The fishers also shall mourn, and all they that cast angle into the brooks shall lament."

Sydney Buxton,

THE ETCHINGHAM LETTERS.

XXV.

From Miss Elizabeth Etchingham,
The Hotel, Glenfearn, N.B., to Sir
Richard Etchingham, 83 Hans
Place, London.

Wonders, Dickory, will never cease; we have actually survived the hardships of a journey from London to Edinburgh and on from Edinburgh to Glenfearn. Certainly we have left, from Laura's point of view, most necessities of life behind us, but as we have not left ourselves, that need not trouble you—who need Hans Place house-room. I really did think we should never get Laura off unless we dug her out with a spade. She seemed rooted to the ground as if she were a tree. It was, you know, that last visit from Sir Augustus that finally set her in motion. What arguments can he, of all people, have brought to bear to get her to the starting point? The matter is full of mystery; however, while I can see the hills, range beyond range, still topped with snow, and breathe this delightful, moor-scented air, I feel as if Sir Augustus and all his works weren't worth the fraction of a moment's thought.

I am glad to escape, and waste time wondering why any one lives in London who can live elsewhere. Do you remember in "Fumifugium" the story of the merchant who had "so strange an antipathy to the air of London" that when he came to the Exchange he "within an hour or two grew extremely indisposed," and was "forced to take horse and ride as for his life till once more he came into the fields?" My mortal frame is not so sensitive to maleficent influence as was this gentleman's, but I think my

spirit's antipathy to the air is unconquerable. John Evelyn had no patience with the presumptuous smoke which "spreads a yellowness upon our choicest pictures and hangings," "kills our bees and flowers," and "sticks on the hands of our fair ladies and nicer dames." "Where is there such coughing under heaven as in the London Churches?" he asks. London, he says, killed Old Parr, and he likens the city to "the Suburbs of Hell."

Glenfearn does not quite match my old recollections. There is more snow upon the hills and there is more water in the burns than I remember, and where I used to see scarlet hips and haws wild white roses now are blowing. The thicket of rose-briers at the head of the loch is white with blossom, the whin on the brae glitters in cloth-of-gold, and, as is seemly in Scotland, there are bluebells everywhere.

Crossing the border would not, I suppose, enable the Ethiopian to change his skin nor the leopard his spots, and this side of Tweed Laura is Laura still. The poor "Camelry," as Harry christens Blake, has therefore been busily employed running to and fro on telegraph business to the post-office—a queer, dim little room in a road-side cottage overshadowed by fir trees, its whitewashed walls garlanded with *Tropæolum Speciosum*. Things telegraphed for include green glazed calico and a green lampshade to exclude the light of day and night, a square of mackintosh, "as her ladyship thinks now, M'm, that the damp will rise when she sits out," a tray on which to bring breakfast upstairs, and that will not crush beneath its weight the Breakfast in bed,

Blank's beef-essence, Maybury and Stewart's peptonized cocoa and milk, meat lozenges, a filter, etc., etc. Our stepmother has already changed her room three times. In the first room the noise kept her awake late, in the second the light awoke her early, in the third a most pestiferous (and, I fancy, imaginary) odor prevented the closing of her eyes all night. Blake was caught red-handed by Mrs. McPhall pouring Cond's fluid into a gully outside this last-mentioned room. Had Laura ordered the breakfast to be thrown down the gully Mrs. McPhall's feelings would have suffered less. We ran indeed, thanks to Laura's passion for disinfectants, a narrow risk of being turned out of "The Hotel, Glenfearn," bag and baggage. "That woman's fou o' fikes, I canna be fashed wi' her. The drains was a' richt afore she cam—naething short o' Scone Palace and a French shalf wadd plase her," was what Mrs. McPhall did not mean me to hear. However, I had not a father in the diplomatic service and a brother in the political department for nothing, and, though our tenure is precarious, here we remain.

Laura, too, is slightly better content. The hotel omnibus yesterday brought a woman of London aspect accompanied by many substantial-looking trunks and an unsubstantial-looking maid tottering under the weight of a big dressing-case and a bigger dressing-bag. When Laura found the new-comer's name to be Mrs. Le Marchant and her address Lowndes Street, dejection gave way to interest. Later in the day I was thankful to see her venture so far as to seat herself beside Mrs. Le Marchant on a bench in the dank and diminutive garden of the inn—a garden where a palling, a privet-hedge, and a dilapidated water-butt conceal every vestige of the view, which is

wide and magnificent. The Birds of a Feather fell almost immediately into conversation, and talked on and on, with decreasing suspicion and increasing civility, till nearly dinner-time. "She seems to know a good many people that we do," Laura told me afterwards, with far more approbation in her tone than I had heard since we left home; and her "leddyship" and her "leddyship's" latest find have now gone to drive together in Mrs. McPhall's largest landau; and on and on they will drive, the eternal hills around them, too conversationally occupied in the quest of mutual acquaintances to see anything but each other's veils.

If you think it would not be indiscreet, you might let Harry know that *la dame de ses pensées* is auspiciously sad. Her Oxbridge adventures have done my dear Harry's cause good. Jem is right about Mr. Biggleswade, and right about Mrs. Gainsworthy, too. She is fatuously unconscious of the obvious—of the obvious which was not the obvious in her youth—as advancing years and increasing bulk make many a worthy woman. There are exceptions, of course, but age does dull women more than it dulls men. The dullards of your sex at least retain some shred of interest in their past, but those of mine seem to become the next thing to comatose. What a good fellow is that man of many jests but few spoken words, Jem! He seems to have played the friend in need to Cynthia once or twice, particularly once when Mrs. Gainsworthy sent her home from some house where they were dining under Mr. Biggleswade's sole escort, and Jem, for all his shyness and avowed dislike of women's company, voluntarily went too. Cynthia's instincts are true enough, and I doubt that she will be as easy to move in the marriage-way as, with less evil-

dence at my disposal, I judged. And for this I thank Heaven.

In Edinburgh I paid a visit to one of the old bookshops. I bought myself a copy of Hobbes' "Leviathan." Tell me if you are an admirer of Hobbes, but don't tell me I can get "Leviathan" in "Morley's Universal Library." I see their value, but I detest wonderful-at-the-money reprints, and would as soon read Hobbes in such guise as see him himself portrayed in deer-stalker and shooting-jacket. Then, to add to your song-books, I bought a little, second-hand, but not old, book of Canadian songs, taken down from the boatmen. I can't suppose they will satisfy your fastidious taste, but approach my gift in a complacent attitude, please, at all events. The first in the book, "*A la claire Fontaine*," seems to me pretty—

A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
I'ya longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait,
Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai;
Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer.

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans pouvoir la trouver,
Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.

I'ya longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

And the tune of "*A la claire Fontaine*" is attractive.

Still further did the Edinburgh bookseller tempt me, and I bought a collection of old Scotch songs. In England the song-makers are in want of a "little language," and the Scotch have the better of the southerners

there. The English are not quite happy in diminutives, and to talk affectionate nonsense it is well to have another tongue.

As to what you said once about the decorating of English verse with proper names, do you like Drayton's "Poly-Olbion?" Look into "Poly-Olbion" when you return to Tolcarne. You will find it beside the Crashaw in the library. Drayton gives delightful descriptions of birds and of fishes, to say nothing of the descriptions of "tracts, rivers, mountains, forests, and other parts of this renowned isle of Great Britain."

And tell me this, too. Do you agree that for melody pure and simple there is no English poet that excels Crashaw when Crashaw is at his best? Do you remember the lines entitled "Love's Horoscope," and also the "Hymn of the Nativity?"

Proud World (said I) cease your contest,

And let the mighty Babe alone,
The phoenix builds the phoenix' nest,
Love's architecture is his own;
The Babe whose birth embraves this morn

Made His own bed ere He was born.

The St. Teresa lines, too, which Coleridge says were in his mind when writing the second part of "Christabel," have magic in their cadence. And when you are about it tell me your opinion of Henry Vaughan.

From Henry Vaughan and Crashaw, the mystics, my thoughts turn to Alice Newton. Beg Margaret to go and see her, or rather, go yourself. I think somehow she might get on better with you than with Margaret. Margaret is both too old and too young, and therefore too literal, for the dovetailing of her sentiments with Alice's. Alice was never matter-of-fact, and her troubles have accentuated her taste for parable and metaphor, *l'excès du malheur l'avait*

fait en quelque sorte visionnaire. That is what *l'excès du malheur* is apt to do if it has any thread of mysticism to work upon. The Temple of Mysticism and the Cave of Adullam I always fancy in the same street.

Last night's post brought me an ecstatic letter from Minnie. "We are most sanguine. Every one is as cordial as possible, and it has been quite a triumphal progress for Charles. Mr. Baxster" (the Tory candidate and Lady Leyton's nephew) "is ridiculously blind to the needs of the times and to the fact that country electors are not fossils. The poor man seems to tread, too, on every one's toes. I am really sorry for him, and his agent is most unpopular—a regular bear." . . . "I have been doing a lot myself, and am nearly dead; but I don't grudge it a bit. Women can do so much—though I must say I think the Primrose League tactics perfectly shameful." Charles, she says, is hourly receiving most flattering telegrams from the leading lights of the Radical party. "It does not do, of course, to be too sure, but I have not the slightest doubt myself that the majority will be enormous. The poor people are so touchingly glad of sympathy." Minnie winds up by saying that Mrs. Potters is very kind and not half as vulgar as she looks. Then in came a letter from Mrs. Vivian, asking me if I see my way to going with her to Marienbad next month. "Blanche goes to Norway on her own account, and I want some one to walk about with John. Come if you can, and I won't trouble to look out for any one else. It would do Lady Etchingham a world of good to run her own errands and shift for herself." And this is her view of the Dampshire election case: "It's a comfort to reflect that Minnie's time for making herself ludicrous is drawing to a close, and if that horrible Mrs. Potters imagines

that by helping my daughter to do, what I abhor she is getting herself asked to my ball, she will be woefully disappointed. . . The Leytons, fortunately, are far too sensible and kind-hearted to hold Minnie's follies for more than they are worth; still, etc., etc." She goes on to ask if I have heard "that after all Charles' tirade against the muzzling order and the gross injustice of muzzling sheep dogs and letting hounds go free, that spiteful little Trixy of Minnie's bit the baby of the pet Socialistic ploughman and the one 'mother' that Minnie had really reason to suppose she had torn from the Primrose League. The 'mother' sent to Lady Leyton—as every one always does when in need—and Lady Leyton sent a groom in pursuit of the doctor, and the village is going solid, I hear, for George Baxster." (Charles will now sympathize with Jem's canine curse.) "The child was not really hurt, but that was not thanks to Trixy or Minnie. I have told her repeatedly he is not to be trusted. The horrid little wretch always growls at Azore, and if the dog were not a saint he would have killed him ages ago. Come to Marienbad, do, and take John off my hands."

In one respect I sincerely commiserate my married friends. Half of them seem to labor under the burden of fruitless Sisyphus-like endeavors to provide their husbands with congenial companionship. The braiding of St. Catherine's tresses must be a far less fatiguing task in the long run. "Do, my dear, go and see Mrs.—, it would really be a charity." "Why can't you call upon —? I am sure she would be delighted to see you, and it would give Rover a walk; I can't send Elise out with him to-day, as she must finish my gown." Mr. Vivian (with Azore, who requires regular exercise) calls upon us about every fifth Sunday, his whole demean-

or telling that he has been driven to the door on the point of the sword by his wife. "Ralph hasn't a friend in the world," "Phil belongs to three clubs and goes to none," is what I constantly hear.

Here is the Camelry wandering into the room in search of another telegraph form. "Her ladyship, M'm, says as I'm to telegraph for the mincing machine. Her indigestion is getting that dreadful for the toughness of the meat, and she is coming in." (And through a gap in the privet-hedge I see, sure enough, the fernules of Laura's and Mrs. Le Marchant's ornate chiffon parasols approaching the house.) And here, too, is Cynthia, saying, and saying truly, that the hour has struck for which we ordered the boat. Good-bye.

*'Y'a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.*

Elizabeth.

P.S.—Out of this abundance I should like to send Margaret flowers, but the wild roses and bluebells—wise as well as lovely things—would not travel.

11 P. M. Thursday (my letter did not go to-day, after all). I have opened the window. Listen, do you hear the splash and swirl of the water? Near the stepping-stones there is a birch-tree—not a willow—"grows aslant the brook," and over the lower branches the river when in flood sweeps. Do you see the stars? The loch looks like quicksilver when touched by the moonbeams. I would like to go out of doors. How pleasant it will be to be disembodied and to run no risk of hearing. "What in the world are you doing out at this hour? Aren't you afraid of the damp? You always say your throat—" I should like to be a ghost. Where should I

go, I wonder? To see you? No, not first. I should go to look for some one who has not been mortal for seven long, long years, and with whom last I stood face to face not very far from here . . . I have been reading Emily Brontë's "Remembrance" to-night, and my fortitude rather goes to pieces after the reading of it. The light of many of the stars that we see is their light long years ago, is it not, and that has taken time to reach us? Is the light that I see in the sky to-night the light of that evening when we (I don't mean, dear, you and I) said good-bye, good-bye till to-morrow as we thought? Richard, — . . . Promise to befriend me always and be amiable when you write. (A knock at the door. "Please, M'm, her ladyship can't sleep nohow. This room's worse than any. The bed—") Good-night, Dickory.

XXVI.

From Sir Richard Etchingham, 83 Hans Place, S.W., to Miss Elizabeth Etchingham, Glenfeearn, N.B.

My dear Elizabeth, — Margaret joined me here yesterday. She sends you her best love, and her regrets that she could not see you this time. "But," she adds, "the Protector of the Poor knows very well that I should not really have seen Aunt Elizabeth, even if there had been room for me, what with the packing going on, and other people coming in and out and never letting me alone." The other people mean one person, I need not tell you. Margaret could never abide Laura. Well, I suppose the time will come when we may really be together for a while at least. Meanwhile, I console myself with the company of your books, and am beginning to make (or renew after years) pleasant acquaintances among your old friends in brown calf. Margaret has, of

course, a fair shelf-knowledge of them already, and she seems to know something of the insides of a good many of them too. We find a curious pleasure in being alone in the middle of the London season; I say "we," because Margaret does not seem at all anxious to plunge into general society. We shall see our own particular friends, and I shall look up old official superiors and colleagues—in some cases for duty, in others for pleasure; otherwise, we expect to be pretty domestic, and look forward to Arthur's coming up for the Harrow match as our greatest dissipation. Margaret pleads for some concerts, and, though I have not her musical education or enthusiasm, I shall be well pleased to hear a good European orchestra. During my first years of service I have at any rate endured a sufficient infinity of variations on *Táza da táza* to feel that I deserve it.

Charles has been here once; he rushes off to Clayshott whenever he can steal half a day. He is running his head against a brick wall, so far as I can see; but it will give him a certain claim on his party for services rendered, which may be useful to him in his profession sooner or later. You will know more about the details than I do, as I have in self-defence kept myself ignorant of even the day of the election. If I have tried once to explain to Minnie that the only thing I can do, not at all sharing my brother's opinions, is to be strictly neutral, I have tried a dozen times; while Harry has been working hard to make me see that it is my duty as head of the family to make a solemn public protest against Charles' lamentable defection from sound principles. The worst trial was when Minnie came here with an earnest Radical lady who must have bored Minnie nearly as much as she did us; that was some comfort. Margaret put on the

air of a very simple country girl, and chaffed Minnie by asking innocent questions which the good lady took quite seriously. Finally, she said with extreme gravity that we found the affairs of Much Buckland so interesting and difficult that we could really spare no time for general English politics. As Minnie's friend could not deny the importance of local self-government, she rather lost her bearings, and tried to make a diversion by attacking me on the Indian National Congress. Now it was a little too much to be lectured on the government of India by a woman wholly ignorant of the subject whom I had never seen before. "Do you know," said I, "what are the really capable classes in India? Can you guess what the sort of Hindus and Mahometans I have lived among for the last dozen years would do with your National Congress if we let them?" "No, indeed." "Take the fluent English speech-making, English article-writing Babus—the oil-fed sons of the quill, as Lyall's old Pindári calls their kind—every man a couple, one in each hand, and chuck them into the Indian Ocean." Margaret intervened with an offer of more tea, which was declined. We don't think Minnie will bring that well-meaning lady here again.

Here comes a letter from Jem which puts Margaret in the seventh heaven. It appears that he and Shipley, months ago, got up a little party to go to the "Ring des Nibelungen" at Covent Garden, Mrs. Newton and one or two others besides themselves; I suspect it was in part a little conspiracy to take Mrs. Newton out of herself and her troubles if possible, for I know that Jem is an excellent fellow, and I don't know that he is a devoted Wagnerian, though his tastes are pretty catholic. However, it now turns out that Jem is wanted at Ox-

bridge to replace an examiner who has broken down; he cannot well refuse the work, and it will keep him through July. So he writes to me to offer his place to Margaret—not as a gift, so you need not begin to spin a romance; besides, he is sensible enough to know that we should not accept it in that way. You remember the elaborate plan we made last year for a meeting at Bayreuth, you two from the West and I from the East, by way of Brindisi or Trieste, and how disappointed Margaret was when it failed, like many other neatly contrived plans, chiefly for the commonplace reason that it turned out I could not get started for home anything like soon enough. There is no need to tell you how pleased the child is now. She says it is a pity I can't go too; like most young people who are fond of their parents, she would like to educate me to all her tastes, and thinks it would be quite easy to do it. I tell her it is no matter, and that if she could take me she would only find me too old to learn. It is true I have charming recollections of Wagner's earlier operas, heard long ago in Germany, before the British public knew anything about them, much less cared. But advanced Wagnerians, I understand, put these away as childish things. Stephen Leagrave talks in that way, not that I believe—or Margaret either—he really cares for music of any school. Never mind; he did not hear "Lohengrin" at the old Dresden Theatre before it was burnt down. Such memories make one feel hugely old, but they are good all the same.

Leagrave, by the way, seems anxious to improve Margaret's knowledge of literature on his own correct and critical lines. No romance about that either, if you please; it is pure intellectual benevolence for the good of his neighbor's mind, with a little

touch of vanity and the natural hope that the young may be more teachable than the old. Not that it would be human nature for a preacher of æsthetic or any other principles to prefer his converts ugly—even when one has, like Stephen, about as little human nature as it is possible to go through the world with. Just now he is still dosing us with Maeterlinck. We took our revenge last night by concocting a Maeterlinckian scene—not to be shown to Stephen, I need not say, for he would be most solemnly and seriously aggrieved, and might feel bound to renounce our acquaintance. So I send it to you—like various other things—to be out of harm's way.

I have to go to the Society of Arts to-morrow to support poor dear old Gritson. He has a theory of Indian currency which nobody can understand. You see that even in retirement one may still have to sacrifice oneself for the good of the service. When I come back from that function, if not before, I hope to be consoled by a letter from you telling me what sort of establishment you have made at Glenfearn—unless Laura has taken a fancy to stop at some other health resort by the way.

Your loving brother,

Dickory.

Here follows the scene in question.

Le roi Lysaor (*très-vieux, immobile dans son fauteuil*).

Le duc Ypnocrate.

La princesse Dilbarine.

Le prince Huglimugh (*enfant*).

La dame Ellane, *gouvernante du prince*.

Lysaor.—"Je ne digère pas bien. Je sens que quelque chose va certainement se casser."

Ellane.—"Le roi croit bien que quelque chose va se casser."

Huglimugh.—"Je ne comprends pas le sens de ces paroles. Les grands-pères disent toujours des choses qui n'ont pas de sens. Moi, je casse les choses quand il m'en prend envie."

- Ypnocrate.—"O mon néant suprême! n'es-tu pas bien heureuse?"
- Dilbarine.—"Nous sommes bien heureux, effectivement."
- Ypnocrate.—"Mon âme voit pourtant que tu es inquiète. Dis-moi pourquoi, tout de suite, cela fera un peu moins de lenteurs à l'auditoire?"
- Dilbarine.—"Je m'inquiète à cause de la grand'mère, qui est somnambule."
- Ypnocrate.—"D'abord nous le sommes tous. Puls tu l'as enfermée à clef dans sa chambre."
- Dilbarine.—"Elle en aura trouvé pour sûr l'autre clef."
- Ypnocrate.—"Comment sais-tu qu'il y en ait une autre?"
- Dilbarine.—"Parce que l'auteur en a besoin, ô mon abîme très-précieux."
- Ypnocrate.—"Prends garde de dire ces choses-là, nous ne sommes pas seuls."
- Dilbarine.—"Si fait, c'est à peu près la même chose."
- Ypnocrate.—"Comment trouves-tu que c'est la même chose? Le petit prince est tout oreilles."
- Dilbarine.—"Comme tu manques de foi, mon obscurité chérie! Pourquoi causons-nous amour dans la langue symbolique du maître, si non pour que ni les personnages, ni le souffleur, ni le public n'y comprennent rien?"
- Ypnocrate.—"Et l'auteur?"
- Dilbarine.—"Lui moins que personne."
- Ypnocrate.—"L'auteur n'y comprendrait rien?"
- Dilbarine.—"Quand je te dis que non! Cherche la raison toi-même."
- Ypnocrate.—"Je cherche donc . . . oui, j'y suis. C'est qu'il fait du symbolisme. Ou ce n'est plus le symbolisme du moment où quelqu'un com-
- mence à y comprendre quelque chose que ce soit."
- Dilbarine.—"Parfait. Rentrons dans notre jeu. Nous disons donc que je m'inquiète de ce que peut faire la grand'mère."
- Huglimugh (à la fenêtre).—"Ah! ah! je vois quelque chose."
- Eliane.—"Le prince dit qu'il voit quelque chose."
- Lysaor.—"Une chose qui va se casser, j'en suis sûr."
- Huglimugh.—"Ah! ah! que c'est drôle! Voilà la grand'mère qui grimpe sur le pigeonnier."
- Eliane.—"La grand'mère est sur le pigeonnier."
- Dilbarine.—"C'est bien cela, la grand-mère s'est évadée pour grimper sur le pigeonnier."
- Huglimugh.—"Elle en est au faite! Ah! ah! ah! c'est bien drôle . . . elle va sauter . . . elle saute . . . elle tombe."
- Eliane.—"Il dit qu'elle tombe!"
- Ypnocrate.—"On dit qu'elle tombe!"
- Dilbarine.—"Evidemment, il faut qu'elle tombe."
- Huglimugh.—"Elle s'est cassé le cou . . . hou, hou . . . je n'aime pas à voir les gens qui se cassent le cou."
- Eliane.—"La grand'mère s'est cassé le cou!"
- Hypnocrate.—"Elle s'est cassé le cou!"
- Dilbarine.—"Elle s'est bien cassé le cou!"
- Huglimugh.—"Hou, hou, hou . . . j'ai bien peur . . . c'est trop vilain . . . je veux qu'on fasse défense de se casser le cou."
- Lysaor.—"Je disais bien que quelqu'un allait casser quelque chose. Je ne digère pas bien."

Cornhill Magazine.

(To be continued.)

WAVING GRASS.

When tired thought flags and the life burns low,
And wearier waxes the world of men,
There is virtue of healing where green things grow,
And the quiet of fields is a power, then;
But most—to wander and watch at will
The ripple of grass on a windy hill.

From *Idyls of Thought*.

F. A. Homfray.

THE PRESS OF PARIS.

When the inexperienced traveller reaches the capital of a strange country he finds in its newspapers a short cut to a knowledge of its inhabitants. He has neither the time nor the talent to understand the unaccustomed manners and the novel methods of thought which, if he had an eye to see and an ear to hear, would force themselves upon him at every turn. But his ambition to understand is not limited by his capacity. For very shame refusing to return home without a carefully docketed, well-assured account of his vague experiences, he precipitates himself upon the journals, confident that he will discover in their columns a perfect reflection of the truth which eludes his hasty vision. Should Paris be the end of his pilgrimage the multiplicity of opinion, revealed in the daily Press, might baffle anything less resolute than the zeal of the tourist. But the tourist is always sanguine enough to defy confusion, and after a long course of journals he is prepared to avouch that France is gay and sombre, Royalist and Republican, amiable and insolent, generous and prejudiced. In a week he has made so many discoveries that he recks not of their contradiction, and he generally seeks his own fireside, brave in the certainty that he has learned in a week all that is to be learned of France.

Yet the Press of no capital is so misleading as the Press of Paris. Each journal, no doubt, has its own peculiarities, but without a wide experience and a balanced judgment it is impossible to make up from these varying features a physiognomy of the country. None the less, if we leave out of account the more violent organs of

party-feeling, which are rather pamphlets than journals, we may detect a common character of gaiety and carelessness which belongs to the popular journals of the Boulevards. Above all, when you pick up at your breakfast a French newspaper of the better sort, you must forget the vast sheets of your own country. Paris will give you no news that is not belated, and very little opinion. The wise man, however, easily dispenses with the hasty opinions of others, and the appetite for news, grossly overfed in London, soon dies if it be not pampered. What, then, do we get from the *Figaro* and its colleagues? We get a vast deal of amusement. For those who are eager for fiction, there are installments of two works, as different as possible in style and temper. At the foot of one page is found a masterpiece of the new school; at the foot of another M. Xavier de Montépin unfolds his interminably elaborate plots. The leading article (the article *en tête* as they call it) is generally signed by one of the greatest names in France. The article, to be sure, may be *jejune* enough, since grandeur is no guarantee of spirit or intelligence; but at any rate it is signed and notorious, and rarely (if ever) is it intimately related to the question of the hour. Thus, with luck, we may encounter the delicate wit of M. Anatole France, the refined verse of M. de Rénier, the cultured observation of M. Huysmans, and the somewhat bolsterous humor of MM. Allais and Auriol. That is to say, the French journals preserve a literary point of view, wholly lost in our larger machines contrived chiefly for the dissemination of news. Again,

such comments as there are upon current events are brief, pointed and not too serious. The holes and corners are filled with stories told in four lines, a Gallic joke, or a scene crystallized in a tiny dialogue. Thus as the citizen sits in his tavern he may fill his eyes with print and yet escape the boredom of argument or information. The news which Paris affords is set forth with a certain completeness, though short-hand reports of speeches and such-like trash are unknown. The Frenchman seldom makes speeches, and when he does he attracts small notice. But the French, like the Greeks, close their eyes to the outer world of Barbarians, and the news of that world reaches them slowly through an English channel. In brief, then, the respectable part of the French Press aims at gaiety rather than improvement, and would rather raise a laugh than instruct its readers.

But a newspaper cannot live on gaiety alone, and a large circulation does not unaided ensure wealth. In England the newspapers grow rich upon advertisement. Everything that is wanted, and many things that are not, are daily announced in the vast columns which threaten to invade the territory of inapposite gossip and gratuitous discussion. But in the journals of Paris a very modest corner is reserved for advertisements, though the ingenuity of the staff is spent upon the concoction of paragraphs which appear to be the expression of a free opinion, but which are really highly paid announcements. How, then, do the newspapers of Paris reward their avaricious staffs, and discharge their printers' bills? By a system of modified blackmail, which is less offensive by its very cynicism. The city page, as we call it, is commonly let out to the highest bidder for the week, the month, or the year. A lady, greedy for notice, gives a dinner, and she pays the

paper to applaud her entertainment. And there are many other methods of turning the power of publicity to account. In the palmy days of the Panamists the journals of Paris were fortunate indeed. They received their stipend from the coffers of the company, and while on the one hand they helped to destroy a great enterprise, on the other they had all the more to spend upon the encouragement of literature. When ruin overcame M. de Lesseps and his colleagues, other enterprises, such as banks and railways, appealed to the forbearance of editors, and later an attempt was made (alas, ineffectually), to force the patronage of letters upon the Parisian clubs. But the clubs not only declined to part with money, but entered so little into the spirit of the game as to bring charges against several eminent editors, and more than one literary gentleman took refuge in prison or in flight.

We record these facts not in any spirit of antagonism to France, but merely because they prove a state of mind which is not ours. Not that we would blindly plead the cause of our own Press. There are many methods of blackmail practised in London with brilliant success. We are all familiar with the disreputable advertisement, for which a higher rate is expected than the ordinary; we all know the simple puff of the new company, which pays for a whole page of "facing matter." But the French, logical to the last, have practised the art of blackmail with a more honest effrontery and to far better purpose. Nor are we speaking without authority. Some years since, when France was perturbed by the charge of blackmail brought against the *Dix-neuvième Siècle*, the *Figaro* assumed the guilt of the accused, and then with astounding candor justified their wrong-doing. For many years, said the first journal of France, journalists and politicians have

met upon common ground, where conscience is voiceless, where honesty is ridiculed, where money alone is king. Ministers accept cheques, deputies sell their votes, the officers of the police betray their secrets and blackmailers obtain the Legion of Honor that they may carry on their trade with greater dignity and security. Is it then astonishing that the director of a journal should make what he can out of banks, or companies, or clubs? No, it is not astonishing; only when a responsible journal puts so infamous a question, we may answer with another, and ask whether honor is not too high a price to pay for our morning newspaper? But the admission of the *Figaro* is at least characteristic, and if it be founded upon truth, the remedy is simple. The police is organized to catch thieves, and so long as the newspaper is our servant and not our master, the police will not always suppress the laws of honor that the blackmailer may drink champagne and wrap himself in fur.

But if we sometimes wonder how the Press of Paris keeps itself in affluence, we need not wonder how it contrives to entertain its readers. It achieves this purpose by the rare talent of perfect arrangement and a light hand. That part of it at least which is not polemical never approaches a serious topic with a serious frown. The citizen may read his *Figaro* without lashing himself into a fury or cramming his indolent brain with the platitudes of the political leader-writer. And it is because the *Figaro* professes an interest in something else than the scandal of the moment that its influence has endured for forty years. It does not represent Parisian journalism, for its tradition is all its own; it represents the middle-class intelligence of France. It has no principles and no views. As a rule it is content to follow the lead of its readers; and on the rare occasions on which it has attempted to shape public opinion,

it has retreated from the truth directly a falling circulation proved the truth unpalatable. But the real distinction of the *Figaro* is the continuity of its method. It remains to-day very much what it was when M. de Villemessant founded it, and M. de Villemessant was a man of genius. Like Delane, he was a master of the ceremonies rather than a writer. He never contributed a single article to his own journal, but he handled his staff as a practical coachman handles a four-in-hand, and not for an instant did he relax his control. If he could not write he could suggest, and many of his most famous articles were inspired and even phrased by the man who never wielded a pen. He was brutal, unscrupulous, self-centred; he knew but one ambition,—success, and but one god,—opportunity. For a while failure dogged his steps, but when once Fortune had smiled upon him, he became the masterful tyrant whom all men feared, and whose posthumous influence still rules the *Figaro*. He was hampered neither by loyalty nor respect. A contributor was nothing to him; a single word of disapprobation heard, as M. Daudet says, between the cheese and the pear at breakfast, was sufficient to ensure the discharge of the most trusted colleague. One interest alone dominated him,—the prosperity of the *Figaro*, and his judgment told him that the *Figaro* was better served by a brilliant succession of occasional contributors, than by the continual scintillation of the same talents. "Every man," said he, with his habitual frankness, "has one article in his belly;" and it was Villemessant's business to get that article out. One day, for instance, he picked up a sweep in the street, brought him to his office, had him cleaned, and set him down to a writing-table. The sweep achieved his article, and Villemessant was rewarded by the curiosity of all Paris. Thus, while the world of letters passed through the

Figaro, nobody stayed there long, and this fierce editor never hesitated to destroy contracts or to forget services. He professed few opinions, and the one principle which he cherished until the end was to preserve the popularity of his journal. He fought no battle, he led no forlorn hope; he recognized the existence of no man, writer or politician, until he had arrived. To vaunt his skill in prophecy, to say exultantly "I told you so!" was no part of his ambition. He did not gird at the rising generation, he merely ignored it; and thus he fulfilled a useful mission, since it is but just that the old, as well as the young, should have their champion in the Press. He admired fine writing, or said he did; but he knew that it was of no use in his "shop," and the profit of his "shop" was superior in his eyes to the credit of literature. None the less the result of his government was a colossal triumph. He made the Figaro the perfect representative of the well-fed, gay, intelligent Parisian. The writer, maybe, despised it, but he read it none the less, and he used it, too, whenever it served his turn. The first article in the Figaro was for many years, and still is, the end of every man's desire. To sign it is to pose oneself definitely before the public, whether for praise or blame. To be criticised in it, an honor only paid once in a life-time, is to taste the perfect joy of arrival. Such in brief was the end attained by Villemessant's cynical opportunism, and it is to the founder's undying glory that the tradition he established remains unbroken to this day.

At Villemessant's death the torch was handed to Francis Magnard, who, besides being an editor cut to the very pattern of his predecessor, was also a writer of force and concision. For many years he contributed a daily comment upon the situation to the columns of his journal, in which he brought to perfection the art of jumping with the

cat. He, too, was called a cynic, and a cynic he was, but at least he preserved the Figaro at the high level of cunning opportunism at which he found it; and he was never persuaded by any private or public interest to outrage the worldly conventions of the founder. Indeed it was not until last year that the Figaro for the first time sacrificed its subscription-list to what appeared the cause of truth. It espoused, for a brief week, the cause of M. Zola and of Captain Dreyfus, not, we may well believe, for any abstract love of justice, but because it imprudently thought that it was following the popular lead. However, reparation was speedily made. The editor offered a temporary resignation; the Figaro printed a public recantation, and hastily brought back its allegiance to the Army. To our more literal appreciation this conduct seems cowardly, or even treacherous. We should argue, and argue sincerely, that before it undertook to be the mouthpiece of M. Zola, the Figaro had examined the soundness of the novelist's charges, and that once convinced of a judicial error, it could not in honor recede from its campaign. But, would object the editor, the Figaro's one duty is towards its subscribers, whose approval is more precious to it than the holiest cause; and in accordance with this doctrine it has occupied a comfortable position on the fence while the French nation has been sundered by strife and scurrility. During the long year of dissension its leading-articles have been written by one hand, and they have varied from day to day according to the supposed demand of the public. The style is always the same: it is only the point of view which shifts; and it is impossible to overpraise the coolness wherewith M. de Cornély (that is the writer's name) endorses to-day the opinion which yesterday he held in horror.

This brief history explains better

than pages of commentary the firm grip which the *Figaro* retains upon modern France. The best writers (of a certain age) are among its contributors; such criticism as it presents is amicable and old fashioned; its news is not much less trustworthy than the news provided by its rivals; and at any rate it makes no profession to govern the country or keep the conscience of the citizens. M. de Cassagnac, the other day, charged it, in a page of brutal logic, with caring for nothing but the till, and of course the charge is well justified; but then M. de Cassagnac is a fierce moralist, who would lay down his life for his gospel, and perhaps when he takes the *Figaro* as seriously as he is bound to take himself, he loses the sense of humor. However, let us not forget that the *Figaro* represents exceedingly well the respectable, half-informed, semi-cultured good sense of France, and that he who would understand the golden (or leaden) mean of French life, cannot do better than consult its columns.

Next after the *Figaro* come the *Journal* and the *Echo de Paris*, whose sympathies are wider, and whose resolution to entertain is even more loudly pronounced. In their columns you may encounter much that is best in the lighter literature of France, and if the wit is commonly too Gallic for our timid taste, he is fastidious indeed who cannot find some amusement in these trivial sheets. A single halfpenny will buy you half a dozen articles, dainty stories, or witty criticism of life, and if in the columns of these prints the reporter has no scope, you can easily dispense with his ministration. But in no sense are they newspapers; a handful of paragraphs records the progress of the world; and each employs a gentleman to misunderstand foreign politics. Moreover, they have both thought fit to take a position, more or less violent, against the champions of Dreyfus, and the *Echo de Paris*, which should be con-

tent with the elegancies, has been charged by the other side with being the creature of the General Staff. But even the *Affair* will pass away, and then these amiably ribald sheets will again discharge their proper office of frivolity.

Of newspapers as we understand them, there are but two in France, the *Temps* and the *Débats*, and curiously enough they are both published in the afternoon, not at eleven o'clock, like the second edition of the *Pall Mall Gazette* or the *Globe*, but at half-past five, that they may be soberly discussed at the hour of absinthe. These two journals hold aloft the banners of sound Republicanism and patriotic aspiration. Not for them the Gallic wit and the lively jest which are characteristic of the *Figaro* or the *Journal*; their real distinction is an informed severity, which they bring to the consideration of every question. In their columns we meet with our familiar friend, the leading-article, as just, as heavy, as barren as the leading-articles which regale the British citizen as he sits over his plate of ham and eggs. Their contributors at least know where England is, aye, and could point out the limits of British South Africa on the map. Of course they are hostile to Great Britain, but their hostility does not irritate us so bitterly as the violent ignorance of the *Figaro*. They are adversaries with whom discussion is possible, and from whom we may dissent with courtesy and understanding. Their criticism matches their politics; it is sedate, well-informed, and never sensational. The *Temps*, for example, has entrusted the drama for the last forty years to M. Francisque Sarcey, who has won, with the contempt of the intelligent, the genuine admiration of the people. The *Figaro* would have thrown over so ancient a contributor long ago, though it does for the moment print M. Sarcey's good-humored commonplaces; but the

Temps cherishes another continuity, and is loyal not only to its opinions, but to its staff. The same careful information, the same rather dull and safe comment, may be noticed in the *Débats*, and it is with these two papers that France challenges comparison with the graver journals of our own country. The *Matin*, too, owes something to rivalry with Great Britain; but it is little more than a summary of news, and though it appears a modern invention to Paris, it is rather enterprising than characteristic.

But the most astounding newspapers of France are the daily pamphlets, written to enforce a particular opinion or to damage a particular party. Their unscrupulous virulence has never been surpassed in the world's history. They would be impossible in England, first because nobody cares to be confronted every morning with twelve or sixteen columns of abuse, and secondly because, though the duel is unknown to us, we still have our law against libel. Their vast popularity in France proves more eloquently than records or statistics the nation's decadence. Go where you will in the country, you will find the clergy and its flock reading with common consent and enthusiasm *La Libre Parole*. Now, this journal exists for no other purpose than to fight the Jews, and to advocate in plain terms a new St. Bartholomew. To M. Drumont the Jew is the machinator of universal evil, guilty, without a trial, of every charge that can be brought against him, and whatever you may think of the Jew, it is very easy to make up your mind concerning M. Drumont. The Jew, a poor (or rather a rich) vagrant upon the earth, is not, and never has been, a sympathetic figure. His ways are not as our ways: his methods of thought are too subtle even for the comprehension of a French Jesuit; but to see in life no other duty than a combat with Jewry, is to run straight upon im-

becility. The only rational explanation for such an attitude as that assumed by *La Libre Parole* is furnished by Lord Beaconsfield in an essay upon his father. "My grandmother," said he, "had imbibed that dislike for her race which the vain are too apt to adopt when they are born to public contempt;" and we can best understand the fanaticism of *La Libre Parole*, if we assume that it is conducted by a staff of disappointed Jews. Whenever a misfortune seems to threaten France, the handiwork of Israel is apparent to these self-styled patriots. For evidence they have no regard; the just statement of a case seems to them superfluous; they are quick to suppress an inconvenient truth, and never once have they been known to retract a false statement. Argument, statesmanship, real love of their country are nothing to them; they have but one feeling of hatred, the Jew, and one method of battle, abuse. Yet the influence of *La Libre Parole* is supreme in France. The Dreyfus Affair was invented by M. Drumont as an opportunity to flout his enemies. Had he not, in 1894, gained a first intelligence of the treachery, and condemned the accused before his name was known even to the Ministers, there would probably have been a fair trial and no scandal. Yet he is perfectly content with the part that he has played, and having been the means of embroiling France in civil war, he still proclaims himself a patriot.

Close upon his heels marches M. Rochefort, whose daily bread for more than thirty years has been scurrility. His method is the method of M. Drumont, but he appeals to a different public. On the eve of his return from exile some years ago a news-vendor on the Boulevard said to the present writer, "You won't be able to get a cab to-morrow," and she gave as a reason that Rochefort was the hero of the cabmen, who were resolved to put up their

horses and go on foot to meet their idol at the railway station. So while the priests of France read *La Libre Parole* in interludes snatched from their prayers, the cabman devotes whatever time he can spare from the destruction of foot-passengers to the study of M. Rochefort's periods. Doubtless, it is from that master that he has learned the trick of abuse wherewith he discomfits a timid fare, and truly he could not find a better model. For M. Rochefort has but one talent, invective, and that is growing old. He has no principles, no policy, no knowledge; he has simply a vocabulary of insult. Once he used it at the expense of the Emperor; then he turned his gracious attention to the Army and the Church; now his hatred of the Jew has driven him into a tardy alliance with holy-water and the sabre, and we suppose he would call himself a patriot. Every day he writes in his paper, *L'Intransigeant*, a diatribe which states little that is true and which proves nothing. He merely gives us a fresh sample of his remarkable talent, and his talent, if limited, is certainly remarkable enough. The man with whom for the moment he does not agree is a "crapulous Jesuit," or a "half-witted, doddering lunatic." To-morrow, the same man may appear to act in unison with M. Rochefort; he is then a simple soldier, a brave patriot, a hero burning for the blood of Jews, Freemasons, and Englishmen. The inconsistency counts for nothing; it never does in journals of this kind; the cabman, no doubt, has a short memory, and so long as the gall is in the article, he asks for no other ingredient. For the moment this astounding editor is incensed against the justice of his country; it may be he will champion it to-morrow, but that does not matter. And this was his method of condemning the members of the Court of Appeal. He suggested that they should be drawn up before the

Law-Courts, that their eyelids should be cut off, and that walnut-shells, containing venomous spiders, should be tied over the wounds until the eye-balls were greedily devoured. Of course such stuff cannot carry any weight. Words and ideas, so loosely employed, are deprived of meaning, and they would not be worth quoting were it not true that M. Rochefort's influence in France is second only to the influence of one man,—M. Edouard Drumont. In fact, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that for the last four years these two gentlemen have intimidated France. Ministers have hesitated in the execution of their duty to think, "What will Rochefort say of me?" "Shall I win the approval of Drumont?" Secret documents have been despatched for the contemplation of these two patriots, documents so secret that had they been presented to any other eyes they would have the same effect as the spider in the walnut-shell. Stranger still, when some time since M. Rochefort dragged into a political controversy the name of Mademoiselle de Munster, and when the German Ambassador demanded an apology for this defiance of good manners and international etiquette, the Minister who made the amend dared not mention the name of M. Rochefort. He was content to throw the blame upon an evening paper which had copied the paragraph from the morning's *Intransigeant*, and thus he escaped what doubtless seemed to him a terrible possibility of revenge.

So they continue, chartered libertines, abusing what they will, and whom they will. Nothing is sacred to M. Rochefort, and M. Drumont keeps no respect for aught save the Church. Both the one and the other are to-day clamoring that the Chiefs of the Army shall be respected; yet nobody has vilified the Chiefs of the Army so bitterly as M. Rochefort, unless it be his friend and colleague M. Drumont. The cham-

plons of the other side limp after these masters in vain. Elsewhere than in Paris they might appear miracles of invective. They, too, Radicals and Socialists and Dreyfusards, were once the friends of M. Rochefort, and they have been reared, so to say, in the same school; but for the moment they are outmatched. Perhaps their cause today is so strong that it can be moderately urged; perhaps a sense of logic tells them that M. Rochefort must be fought with other weapons than his own. But the truth is that the fighters of the *Aurore*, the *Siècle*, and the *Petite République* employ eloquence rather than vilification, reasoning rather than personal affront. They do vilify, they do affront, all of them every day; but they make a poor show beside their adversaries, and their very failure is half a proof of a just cause.

But it is a sorry spectacle, this government by intimidation, and we are content to turn aside from these journals, which have no resource save invective, to the *Autorité* and M. de Cassagnac. Now, M. de Cassagnac is a pamphleteer too; he, too, regards his journal as a platform; he, too, excludes light literature from his columns, and is content that the *feuilleton* should be his readers' sole diversion. But he is a pamphleteer with a purpose, with conviction, with a style. The champion of the Napoleonic idea, he has fought the Third Republic with a strenuousness which none of his rivals can surpass; but he fights, and he has always fought, like a gentleman. Honorably impartial, he criticises all parties with the ferocity of a convinced philosopher. He is neither for Dreyfus nor against him. From the very beginning of this dreary business he has pleaded the cause of fairness and no favor. At the first trial he demanded open doors and publicity, and since revision has become necessary he has bowed to revision, asking only that if the generals be

proved guilty of misconduct, they shall one and all be shipped to the Devil's Isle. But he is a sane man, M. de Cassagnac, who would fight England like a man, and doubtless accept the inevitable defeat like a hero. He is not anxious, after the manner of MM. Rochefort and Drumont, to suppress the truth; rather would he know the worst, and have time to combat his enemies. Of course the cause which he keeps at heart is not likely to prevail. But for thirty years M. de Cassagnac has been the bitterest and loyalest critic of his country's misgovernment, and not even his enemies could reproach him or his spirited sheet with dishonesty or lack of patriotism.

But the journals of Paris are like the sand for number, and we can but refer to those that appear characteristic. Yet the pompous *Gaulois*, with its advocacy of royalism, its lack of humor, its devotion to the aristocracy, must not be wholly forgotten. It is a sad paper, and it pleads a sad cause. Not even its warmest friends can find much sympathy for the anti-Semitism of M. Arthur Meyer, an acknowledged Jew, nor for the Duc d'Orleans his master, who has committed the sin, unpardonable in France, of seeming ridiculous. Nor must we forget the *Petit Journal*, the best organized paper in France, with its million subscribers and its correspondents in all the provinces. Its narrow views and bitter Chauvinism are the more to be regretted on account of its vast influence; but at any rate it is a vast triumph of commercialism, and a newspaper which can charge four pounds a line for advertisements is enough to turn the most enterprising proprietor green with envy. They follow the unnumbered sheets devoted to *le sport* in all its branches, the *Jockey*, the *Outsider*, and countless others which have an English sound and yet are very French. But these, characteristic in their lack of knowledge and

their hazardous prophecy, are not essential to the nation, and at best, or worst, are but an echo of our own sporting-prints.

Is a comparison, then, possible between England and France in this matter of newspapers? By all means, if we leave out of account the violent pamphlets which have no counterpart on our side of the Channel, and which, having exhausted in times of peace the lees of abuse, keep nothing but gasps for the moment of panic. The Temps and Débats differ little, as we have said, from our own journals; but they are hardly the vividdest reflection of France, and for the purpose of comparison we will choose the half-dozen which appear most genuinely characteristic. We shall then find that the differences existing between the two sets of newspapers correspond closely to the differences which distinguish the two nations. The English newspapers are more practical, but less amusing. If you wish to know how far the door of a Chinese port is open, it is idle to consult a journal of the Boulevard. On the other hand, should you desire an hour's recreation, it will profit you nothing to open the unwieldy pages of the Times. In other words the English editor spends his money on telegrams, the French editor is extravagant only in the matter of intellect. The practical Englishman, the artistic Frenchman,—that distinction is carried through the whole of life. We do not say that the Journal is the best possible paper; we do say that it could not exist in London with any better hope of prosperity than the Figaro itself. The Englishman wants news about his friends, about his country, about other peoples' countries; and he wants his news clearly set forth and (to his shame be it spoken) horribly mauled, in Yankee-fashion, with headlines. This love of news too often sinks with us to the lust of gossip. It seems to give the

gentleman who never strays further from Norwood than the city, a precious pleasure to know that "Mr. 'Tommy' de Montmorency was looking his brightest and best in the Park on Sunday." Such statements, characteristic in their vulgarity of England, but unknown to France, are, indeed, the vice of our favorite quality. *News, news!* we cry, even though it be unimportant and indiscreet; but, in revenge, we know what happens in every corner of the globe, and are the better able to fight our battles and to defend our empire. France, on the other hand, as represented by her journals, is notoriously ignorant. Her foreign correspondents flatter their editors by gratuitous mis-statements; the gentlemen who daily explain the crimes of England to their readers, are inspired for their task by a monumental lack of knowledge. It was England, for instance, which not only organized the war between Spain and America, but which, also, for some obscure purpose of her own, delayed the signing of the peace. It is England, again, which at this very moment is conspiring with Don Carlos to rob poor Spain of the Balearic Isles. Wherever disease appears, it was brought by England; all the bloodshed and disaster which dishonor the world are due to the guile and cunning of perfidious Albion. But this ignorance is not limited to our serious shortcomings. Sometimes the errors of the French journalist are prodigies of unconscious humor, and we find it hard to reprove the writer who not long since solemnly informed his readers that Lord Salisbury was the son of Disraeli. Does not that make quite clear our brutal success at Fashoda?

In the matter of information and accuracy then, France is far behind England; in all the qualities of style and arrangement she is infinitely superior. By talent or habit the French journalist writes with better skill and with better

taste than his English colleague. True, the leading-article is practically our own invention, and France may congratulate herself on that; but the common police report, the mere record of a squalid suicide, the latest achievement of Jack Sheppard,—all these are served up to the French public with a daintiness and a wit which are wholly strange to London. Then, again, the French newspaper, by encouraging literature, lays both its readers and contributors under a debt, which in England is imposed by the magazines and reviews. In brief, the Frenchman de-

sires to smile, the Englishman desires to know. For our part we may be thankful that we are guarded against the scurrility of MM. Rochefort and Drumont, since that way lies national degradation and ruin. We may also render to the Figaro and its colleagues the admiration which they properly exact. For the rest, let us hope that both French and English will jealously guard their distinguishing characteristics. The differences are in the blood, and no profit ever came of insincere imitation.

Macmillan's Magazine.

COLAS, COLASSE AND COLETTE.*

Sixty-five years ago, at Lorient, I knew very intimately a pastry cook named Monsieur Colasse, who lived in a street near the river, a few steps from the bridge: all my comrades of that time knew him. He was a man who made admirable little tarts. Some of them were filled with almond cream, others with delicious gooseberry jam.

Colasse was celebrated amongst us for his little tarts, and amongst his fellow-citizens, more advanced in age, for his trip to Paris.

When Colasse was courting Philomène—Madame Colasse was Philomène—that was the name she generally went by—one said "Philomène and Monsieur Colasse," perhaps not very respectfully, but that came, I suppose, because Philomène was nearly always standing behind an open window, in a white apron, with a money-pocket and a pair of false sleeves; and from there she dealt out to us, at all hours of the day, little tarts which she first sprink-

led over with fine sugar, and which we ate in the street. If she had allowed us to go in—think of it? At ten o'clock and at four o'clock her shop would have been a perfect jam!

No—she waited upon us at the window, which was more convenient for her—and suited us just as well.

Properly speaking, she was a street-vendor, whilst Monsieur Colasse was an assistant judge of the Tribunal of Commerce! Well—to go back, when Colasse was courting Philomène, he promised her a trip to Paris as a wedding present. Not a trip to be taken just then, immediately after the ceremony, but a trip that was to come all in good time, when they had saved up enough money to pay for it.

"Do you mean it, really and truly?" said Philomène.

"I swear I do," said Colasse. "Even if I should have to make tarts night and day, it is a thing fully determined upon: I will certainly take you to Paris."

Whereupon, she married him.

They had nothing. Their entire fort-

* Translated for *The Living Age* by Florence Esté—from the French of Jules Simon.

une consisted in a small and very modest set of furniture, a bed, a table, four chairs in their bed room, four more in the shop, an oven to bake in, a rolling pin, two moulds for making cream cakes and veal patties. That was all—and it wasn't much. But Philomène had not been three months at her window before she was the adored friend of all the children in town. I ought to have said, that, in addition to the little tarts, she sold also bon-bons and chocolate drops.

There were very few people in Lorient who had ever been to Paris. They went rather to Chandernagor or to Pondicherry. There was my Uncle Fontaine, who had been to China. He was not any the prouder for that, but he would have been mightily puffed up if he had been to Paris! He would have become the leader of fashion, the king of elegance; people would have listened greedily to what he said: as it was, they paid but little attention when he talked of Madagascar or the Cape of Good Hope. Who does not know all about the Cape? But Paris? that is quite another affair!

Every Monday and every Thursday morning a stage coach started from Lorient, at six o'clock. It stopped at Vannes, where one dined at the Green-Cross, kept by Vincent, and then took the direct road to Rennes, arriving there next morning. One had to wait at Rennes for the diligence from Saint Brieuc. At ten o'clock all the travellers packed themselves into this conveyance of Lafitte and Gaillard, which did not run at night. One slept at Laval and Alençon, and if one started on Monday, taking a bee-line, one reached Paris on Thursday, about five o'clock in the afternoon. Three nights and four days, without too much fatigue.

But how stupid I am! Think of my describing to you the journey which I myself took in 1831. Monsieur and Madame Colasse took theirs in 1812.

From 1812 to 1831 the improvement in all travelling facilities was enormous. No one had an idea in 1812 of going from Lorient to Rennes in a day and a night, for the simple reason that no one travelled at night. The coach would have been upset, the wolves would have attacked it, the brigands would have killed everybody. One had to sleep at Vannes, at Laval, at Alençon and at Mantes. That took the whole of eight days. Just two days less than one spends now, going to America. Yet every one said "Brittany is not so behindhand after all. One can get from Brest to Paris in less than two weeks."

Colasse studied this itinerary, year in and year out. He made his calculations over and over and over again. Eight days to go, eight days to spend there, eight days to come back, total twenty-four days, in point of fact, twenty-six, for there were two Sundays, when they would have to stay over and to go to Mass.

It would cost very dear. Three francs apiece to go to Vannes, in the Rolundos, six francs to Rennes, and twenty-four francs from Rennes to Paris.

Total for himself and wife, going and returning, one hundred and thirty-two francs, without counting fees to postilions, and the tip to the conductor.

Our two future explorers carefully examined, also, the question of the hotel bills on the road, and of the hotel in Paris. For the journey itself, they had the affair at their fingers' end. Thirty cents apiece for their repasts as far as Vannes—that made six francs for the day. Bed room additional. Travellers who slept in the public room had their beds for nothing. But husband and wife, travelling for pleasure, wished, of course, a room to themselves.

It was two francs extra. Adding up all these different items made the enor-

mous sum of eight francs a day, and ten francs, after leaving Rennes.

Ten francs in those days meant thirty francs, at present.

Information as to the expenses at Paris was far harder to get at. Monsieur Rerisonet, Captain of a Brig (a grade suppressed since then, and which was something equivalent to Head of Battalion of the line), always staid at the Hotel of the Admiralty and spent fifteen francs and ten sous a day. Yes, my dear! But Father Duval, second mate of the *Sainte Barbe*, who accompanied him in his journey, had had the good luck to make an arrangement for himself, at the rate of three francs and a half. Not possible to live for a cent less than that; it was the very last limit. All these expenses, piling up for twenty-six days, with the probable diminution of their receipts at Lorient during their absence, gave them many a cold shiver, but without shaking their courage.

They had spent years, one after another, in ripening the plan in all its details. The townspeople made a great deal of fun of it. They called out to Philomène, in passing her window, "How far are you, now?"

She always answered good-humoredly.

"At Mantes, we are getting nearly there." And later on, "We are through with our visit, and almost ready to come back."

They found out, very soon, that by eating bread and cheese they could manage to do without one of the repasts at the hotel.

"But you, Philomène, you will have your cup of coffee, just as usual."

"Never in the world. You are laughing at me!"

Monsieur Colasse had a baker's cart, clean, jaunty, and with good springs, which he used in carrying his cakes and tarts to Hennebont, on church festivals, sometimes even as far as Quim-

per, or Vannes, when the fairs were held there. This cart was drawn by a strong glossy-coated mare, named Colette, who was the very pride and delight of his heart.

One day, Colasse had a flash of inspiration! It wouldn't cost them a bit more to drive to Paris in their own conveyance than to go by diligence. "We should have nothing to pay, except the hotel bills."

"But Colette could never do one hundred and forty leagues in ten days!"

"No—nor in fifteen—but we could manage that, by taking a longer holiday."

"Give up our house for six weeks?"

"It would be for only once in our lives."

"Well—I'm agreed—for six weeks."

"And we should be at home, all the time, in our own carriage, and with Colette."

"And I will put plenty of provisions in a big basket, and on Friday we will eat onions and hard boiled eggs."

You would have said they were two children.

Monsieur Colasse had taken into his family one of his nephews, whose Christian name was Colas—Colas Colasse, of course, but he was called Colas to distinguish him from his uncle. He had received a careful education, so that he made caramels and meringues in perfection.

"He can't quite come up to me for the little tarts," said Monsieur Colasse; but that was simply conceit on his part;—the boy was what might be called a splendid pastry cook. Moreover, he was as modest as a girl, honest and could keep accounts. The house could be left under his charge, for six weeks, without any uneasiness. To say nothing that it would belong to him one of these days, since Colasse and Philomène had no children.

"We love each other, just as much as the very first day," said Philomène,

"yet I shall be forty-five my next birthday."

She did not seem forty. She had been quite a beauty and was still very pretty. It cheered one's heart to look at her, she had so much sweetness and good humor.

As to Monsieur Colasse—Tom, Dick and Harry thought the world and all of him at Lorient, the children for his tarts, the grown-up people for his honesty, his patience, his jovial, good-natured simplicity. "He is just the dearest old idiot in the world," they all said, and—made a fuss over him accordingly.

At last the great day arrived. Two days before starting, they made out a full inventory of everything in the house, and the last evening they spent in hearing mass, which Philomène had paid for at the church, and in saying good-bye to all their friends.

Monday, at sunrise, Colette was harnessed to the spring cart; Colette well rubbed down, the wagon well washed, the packages all well tied up. They kissed Colas three or four times, climbed gaily into the cart, which was well furnished with leather curtains, and Colasse, not without looking back half a dozen times, drove through the main street, still quiet and deserted at that early hour, then started off in a round trot on the road to Chatelet.

Everything went well the first days of the journey; and things did not go too badly, even at the last. The stay at Vannes was full of delight for Philomène. She visited the Church of Saint Paterne, the Church of Mené and assisted at the canonical mass in the Cathedral of Saint Peter. It was there she heard an organ for the first time. Rennes did not please her nearly so well. She thought, and with good reason, that the Cathedral of Sainte Mélanie was very inferior to that of Vannes. She admired the Palace of Justice much, but she was a connois-

seur only so far as churches were concerned, and the city that had the finest churches was for her the queen of all others. She questioned every intelligent looking person they met about the churches of Paris. There were dozens of them. Everybody praised Notre Dame, Saint Eustache, and Saint Sulpice; but there were perhaps forty others, and every one of them beautiful. But what was wanting at Paris,—was the sea.

The Seine, however they might boast about it, could not make up for that. Why, the Seine was hardly a bit larger than the Scorff in front of the board yards at Candau.

What Colasse wished most of all to see was a review of the troops, by the Emperor, in the Champ de Mars. Two hundred drums, beating all at once, under the direction of a drum major.

The Emperor was the man for him. He would have liked the King better, but, since the King was dead, he was heart and soul for the Emperor, who had rebuilt the overturned altars.

He did not say it out loud, at Lorient, on account of his business, but here to-day, between Mayenne and Alençon, alone in his own spring cart with Philomène, he gave free vent to his opinion, and his opinion could be summed up in the expression, "Long live the Emperor, since, unhappily, it is he, at present, who is King."

But don't you see, my friend? It is all very well to love one's wife, all very well to love one's husband; but if two people are shut up together for twenty days, without another soul to help along in the conversation, the subjects are apt to give out, in the end. Very fine to be happy seeing the world, but nothing resembles a great field in Normandy so much as another great field, especially if you look at it from a merely utilitarian point of view, as to the amount of wheat or cider it will produce.

In spite of all the care they gave Colette, by shortening her day's journey, now and then, she began to look terribly tired, the poor beast! and Colasse began to wonder, as he was rubbing her down in the morning, whether it would not be well to give her a rest of two or three days.

Philomène replied, with a sigh, that they would get tired to death, staying for two or three days at Montagne, where the church was no better than an old barn, compared with Saint Paterne at Vannes or the Toussaint at Rennes.

The little caravan made its way slowly along—counting its steps, as it were. Colette hung her ears. Philomène tried to sleep, or yawned every now and then at the risk of dislocating her jaw. Colasse did nothing but whistle. Every minute or two he got down to stretch his legs, then he got up to rest himself, then he jumped down again to pat Colette on the shoulder, and remarked that she was all in a sweat.

"Don't you think she is limping a little?" said Philomène. He blew in her nostrils. He gave her a piece of bread—his own bread. But for that matter, he no longer cared for it, he had no appetite. Always dry bread and cold meat make a meagre bill of fare for a pastry cook accustomed to dainty dishes.

They had been told to look out at Versailles. There was a splendid palace there.

"And the churches?" said Madame Philomène.

"Oh, the churches are nothing very remarkable."

They passed near the grand stairway and the Swiss Pond, and saw a wing of the palace above the glass orange houses.

"Do look," said Colasse, "why the place is not finished—there's no roof." They drove through the Rue des Chan-

tiers, stopping, half way, to give Colette a little rest.

There was nothing but great enclosures, filled with stacks of firewood, and a few cheap boarding houses, and restaurants, and they both agreed that "Versailles was not worth much, to look at." The paved road jolted them horribly.

"They don't understand paving in this country," said Philomène. "If they would come to Lorient they would find out what a well-kept road means."

They had given up, long ago, saying "Good-morning" to people they met, as one does in Brittany, since no one answered them. This indifference was a great trial. "What savages! Are we not all Christians?"

After leaving Sevres, they met crowds of market wagons, coming back from Paris. It was as much as Colasse could do not to run into one or another of them every minute.

"Do take care, there," said Philomène.

"I'm doing the best I can," replied Colasse.

"Look out! there's a cart on your left."

"And a big wagon on the right."

"One is so safe and quiet, in the streets of Lorient. Nothing in the way—all you have to do is to go straight ahead. It's Colette that would be glad to be there. She's badly enough off, poor thing, in their stables."

"And we, too, in their hotels. They don't even know what a good feather bed is like. My back and sides are tired half to death."

Philomène thought of her little shop, where a hired girl was ruling in her place. The boys would soon be coming back to school, after the holidays, and what would they think not to find her smiling at them from her window? Ah, well! This can't last forever.

"Colasse, I have been thinking, is it

absolutely necessary to stay eight days in Paris?"

"Yes—for Colette."

"But she rested two days at Prez-en-Pail. My opinion is, that four days in Paris would do."

"Perhaps two!"

"But in two days you could not see all the churches."

"Oh, I have seen so many! It is rather on your account. Perhaps there would not be a review just on a certain day. And if the Emperor should not be in Paris! The stable-boy told me yesterday that he was at Moscow. Is that far off, do you think?"

"Look out there—be careful. You are running right into me," screamed an angry voice.

"Do you mean to break my barrow, you blockhead?" cried a man with a big load on the other side.

"Open your trunk," said a custom house official.

"What does all that mean!" exclaimed Philomène.

"It means Paris—your wonderful Paris!" replied Colasse.

"Upon my word," said Philomène, looking around the barrier of Les Bonshommes, "it is not so very wonderful. It is not fine, at all."

"One might say it is the old village of Hennebont."

"Oh, Hennebont," said Philomène, who wished to be impartial, "no. That old town is very steep, you have to go up and down all the time. Here everything is flat."

"Hurry up—hurry up with the trunk," said the custom house officer, grabbing hold of it, and throwing it on the ground. "Where's the key?"

"I am looking for it."

"Be quick there."

"I can't find it."

The officer took a hammer and wedge to force the lock.

"The mischief! give me a little time."

"Then get out of the way."

"I ask nothing better."

He whipped up Colette to make her go forward.

"Stop—stop—my man. You are trying to get in without being searched. I ought to take you to the police station, but there—fall back and wait your turn. This is just the busiest hour of the day!"

"Must I wait long?"

"For an hour," said the brigadier, who saw what kind of a man he was dealing with.

Colasse placed himself behind the line of carriages and wagons which had formed, whilst he was talking, and watched the long line of empty market carts, driving quickly by him. The time seemed immensely long. And Philomène was in such a bad humor. "If I had known all this, it is not I that would ever have come away from Lorient!"

"Nor I either," said Colasse. "One is never well off away from home."

"If you please, Madame!" said Philomène to a woman behind her, perched on the high seat of a wagon filled with bundles of linen, "do you know Paris well?"

"If I know Paris? Like my pocket—I am a washerwoman."

"Is there always such a crowd of people and so many wagons?"

"Twice as many in the Saint Martin Quarter."

"And the Church of the Notre Dame, is it really so beautiful?"

"Notre Dame? Don't know it."

"For pity sake! Is that possible? You come to Paris every day and don't know Notre Dame?"

"No, no, not every day, only Wednesdays and Saturdays."

"I belong to the parish of Saint Nicholas at Sevres. Good-day, neighbor, I pass before you, since you are stopping here."

"Philomène, do you know, I have an idea?"

"Is it that you are beginning to have enough of Paris?"

"EXACTLY."

"And I think so, too; and it seems to me we should be beautifully well off, in our back kitchen, eating pancakes and fried sardines with that big donkey of a Colas."

"After all we are our own masters. Nobody can prevent our going away from here, if we wish. Those custom house men, over there, fumbling in everybody's things, and who have done nothing but laugh every time they have looked at us, would have no right to touch our affairs if we returned to Versailles."

"And to Vannes."

"And to Lorient."

"It would not take much to make me play them that trick."

"We would be at home again in twenty days, and only think! we've been gone nearly a month!"

"I don't know how in the world we ever came to have the idea of giving ourselves all this trouble to look at these ugly, dirty houses."

"They say there are millions of them. And what then? suppose there are, if they are all just alike!"

"Philomène, shall we do it?"

"With all my heart."

"Bravo, then—Hurrah for Home! Get along, Colette."

Colette turns her back on Paris. Philomène makes a disdainful face at the city behind them, Colasse becomes a boy again, and mocks her, with his finger at his nose.

"Upon my word," said he, "my heart has never been so well satisfied."

The nearer they came to Lorient, the more contented they were. At Vitré they began to snuff up their native air. As their purse was still well furnished, they travelled quite in style. At Rennes they staid at the Hotel Piré, headquarters of well-to-do farmers and commercial agents.

They staid a whole day at Vincent's, in Vannes, to give Colette a good rest. Another day also, at Auray, at Maurifin's, who has the fine pavilion on the first floor. That day was more especially on account of Philomène, who had her heart set on going to Saint Anne's to thank the Virgin for her protection during the journey.

They went there on foot, said their prayers, and decorated the chapel with those strings covered over with wax called Saint Anne's *bougies*.

Next day they arrived at Lorient. Happy to be there again, and still happier to have made their famous journey and be done with it.

"I vowed to make the trip to Paris, and I have made it," said Colasse, slapping himself on the hip, with the air of a man celebrating his own exploits.

That same evening he began the recital of his adventures, which was to finish only with his life.

The marvellous things he had seen were simply inconceivable: Philomène had seen even more wonderful ones. And the curious thing about it all was that they invented nothing. A Breton is not a Gascon. Colas listened with all his ears, and was filled with new and still greater respect for his praiseworthy relatives.

They are no longer country people. They have seen Paris, or, at all events, the barrier of Les Bonshommes.

This high regard was shared by all the world around them. Everybody was astonished that such a grand personage should still consent to make little tarts.

But he has made them with even greater perfection, since he came back. Parisians, you see, have a sleight of hand, that mere Provincials can never hope to acquire.

I have told you a story of my younger days—the good old times.

This year—the citizens of Lorient will climb the Tour Eiffel!

HAPPY HITS IN ORATORY.

Why is it that nothing is duller than reading old speeches, however good; nothing more inspiring than listening to them? The explanation is easy. It is not merely that in reading we are not under the personal spell of the orator—the wand of the magician—nor is it that the topics which were then blazing have burnt themselves to ashes. The real reason is that the air of a great assemblage is electrical. When the contending forces are drawn up in hostile array, there is, as has been well said, the excitement of a battle, and every blow which tells against the enemy is received with the same sort of exultation that soldiers feel when a well-aimed shot rips up the ranks of the adversary, or blows up the magazine. The most successful hits are *impromptus*. It is the unexpected, which, as Aristotle says, charms us in oratory. The accomplished speaker catches the electricity with which the air is charged, condenses it into an oratorical thunder-bolt, and hurls it at his adversary; or he can dissipate it into harmless summer lightning by well-timed humor or pleasantry. The Attic orators had few pleasantries; it was by force of invective and vehemence of passion that they

Wielded at will that fierce democ-
ratie.

ὁ ἀρχαιότε καὶ πονηρότατος was, as an Oxford don used to say, the equivalent with them of "the Right Hon. Gentleman" with us. Here, however, is a smart retort of Demosthenes. Æschines had been accused of corruption, and in repelling the charge he rebuked the violent attitude of one of his accusers by a reference to the statue of Solon, who was represented

as standing with his hand decorously folded under his mantle. Demosthenes seized the allusion and flashed it back on Æschines. "Not to speak with the hand folded, but to execute your embassy with the hand folded, that is your duty!" This, no doubt, brought down the ecclesia, and it was a legitimate point, because Æschines was more than suspected of being in Philip's pay. On another occasion Demosthenes scored less legitimately; he descended to a rhetorical trick. The question was again Æschines' corruption. "Was he not a hireling, *μισθωτός*?" And as he put the question to the assemblage, the orator artfully misplaced the accent on the word *μισθωτός*. The quick Athenian ear caught the false accent. Immediately a hundred voices cried out to correct him, with vigorous emphasis, *μισθωτός*, *μισθωτός*, and Demosthenes' point was won. The orator must not be too scrupulous in fact about the means by which he achieves success. When—to come to modern times—Erskine made his *début* in the House of Commons, expectation was highly raised to hear how the great forensic orator would acquit himself in the new arena. Erskine began, and Pitt took paper and pen to make notes of the speech; but, as Erskine proceeded, Pitt paused in his note-taking, and in a few minutes he ostentatiously tossed his pen away with a contemptuous gesture. Erskine was unnerved, and his speech fizzled out like a damp firework. Pitt had an extraordinary power of quelling an adversary in this way by a glance or a gesture—the mere "terror of his beak and lightning of his eye." On one occasion he singled out Murray, the Attorney-General, to point a vehe-

ment denunciation of Jacobitism. After declaiming for an hour, Pitt stopped, threw his eyes around, and then fixing their whole power on Murray, exclaimed, "I must now address a few words to Mr. Attorney. They shall be few, but they shall be daggers." Murray was agitated; the look was continued; the agitation increased. "Felix trembles," exclaimed Pitt, in a tone of thunder; "he shall hear me some other day." And he sat down, leaving Murray for the moment crushed.

A somewhat similar scene is recorded of Brougham and Sugden, afterwards Lord St. Leonards. In a debate in the House of Commons, Sugden, in his speech, took occasion to speak of Mr. Fox, and said he had no great respect for his authority, on which Brougham said, loud enough to be heard all over the House, and in that peculiar tone which strikes like a dagger, "Poor Fox!" The words—the tone—were electrical. Everybody burst into roars of laughter. Sugden was so overwhelmed that he said afterwards it was with difficulty he could go on, and he vowed that he never could forgive the sarcasm. Presence of mind, readiness in dealing with interruptions or incidents of this kind, is one of the marks which distinguish the true orator. During the agitation preceding the revolt of the American colonies, the great American orator was Patrick Henry. Speaking once in a great colonial meeting, which he was carrying along with him in his vehement denunciations of the policy of George III. and his Government, he suddenly went beyond himself. "Cæsar," he said, "had his Brutus, Charles the First had his Cromwell, and George the Third—" Ere he could finish the perilous sentence, the audience caught the alarm, and "Treason! Treason!" rang from every part of the hall where there

were any loyalists. The great orator stopped a moment, and then slowly, but with a voice that quelled the uproar, repeated his words. "Cæsar, I say, had his Brutus, Charles the First had his Cromwell, and George the Third—may profit by their example." One of the readiest and neatest retorts recorded is that of Lord John Russell. It was in a debate on foreign affairs, in which Lord John had made one of his spirited speeches. A subsequent speaker, who had espoused the Little Englander policy of the period—Sir Francis Burdett—taunted the minister with talking the cant of patriotism. In replying, Lord John said, "My honorable friend has sneered at what he terms the cant of patriotism, but let me tell him that there is something worse than the cant of patriotism, and it is the recant of patriotism." A hit, a palpable hit!

Few oratorical outbursts have ever been more effective than that of Lord Thurlow. The Duke of Grafton, in the course of a debate in the House of Lords, took occasion to reproach Thurlow with his plebeian extraction, and his recent admission to the peerage. The Chancellor rose from the woolsack, and, as related by an eye-witness, advanced slowly to the place from which the Chancellor generally addresses the House; then fixing on the Duke the look of Jove when he grasped the thunder—

I am amazed (he said, in a loud tone of voice) at the attack which the noble lord has made on me. Yes, my lords, I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble lord cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to them, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting

as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do, but, my lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more I can say and will say, that, as a peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this Right Honorable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as guardian of His Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England—nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would consider it an affront to be considered—as a man, I am at this moment as respectable—I beg leave to add, I am as much respected—as the proudest peer I now look down upon.

The effect of this speech was prodigious, both within and without the walls of Parliament, and gave Lord Thurlow an ascendancy in the House which no Chancellor before had ever possessed. A British audience, whether composed of peers or peasants, always appreciates pluck and independence like this.

Sir Edward Sugden, afterwards Lord St. Leonards, was the son of a barber. His father had kept a small shop at Lincoln, and on the occasion of one of his electioneering contests, he was publicly twitted with his humble origin by one of the mob who was in his opponent's interest.

Yes (he replied), I was and still am the son of a barber, but there is one difference between myself and my assailant, and that is this: I was a barber's son and have risen to be a barrister. If he had been a barber's son, he would probably have remained a barber's boy to the end of his life.

A retort which the crowd vociferously applauded.

When Coleridge and Southey were in the full ardor of their Pantisocracy scheme, and lighting their torches at the lurid fires of the French Revolution, Coleridge was addressing a public meeting at Bristol, and expatiating on the glories of liberty and republ-

canism. The audience began to hiss the orator. Coleridge paused a moment, and then said: "Gentlemen, you hiss, and I am not surprised at it. What can you expect when the cold waters of reason come in contact with red-hot fanaticism, but a hiss?"

Lord Westbury's readiness in repartee is well known, though it was not always the retort courteous. Once, at an electioneering meeting which he was addressing, a noisy opponent at the end of the hall called out, "Speak up!" "I should have thought," said Bethel, continuing in the same quiet tone, "that that gentleman's ears were long enough to hear me even at that distance."

Johnson would not allow that Burke had wit, though he did full justice to his extraordinary powers of mind, but the following was indubitably a happy hit. During one of the debates on the affairs of America, Hartley, the member for Hull, after having driven four-fifths of a very full house from the benches by an unusually dull speech, at length requested that the Riot Act might be read, for the purpose of elucidating one of his propositions. Burke, who was impatient to address the House himself, immediately started up, and exclaimed: "The Riot Act, my dearest friend, why, in the name of everything that's sacred, have the Riot Act read? The mob, you see, is already dispersed." Peals of laughter followed the utterance of this comic appeal, which Lord North frequently declared to be one of the happiest instances of wit he ever heard. It is not only wit, but an instance of a kind of rhetorical artifice recommended by Aristotle, and very effective. "Destroy," he said, "your adversary's seriousness by jesting, his jesting by seriousness." This was the method of Serjeant Buzfuz in dealing with "chops and tomato sauce." It was

the method of Mr. Timothy Titmouse, when he, in "Ten Thousand a Year," electrified the House of Commons with his "Cock-a-doodle-doo." Burke himself was a victim of it, when with melodramatic effect he flung down a Birmingham dagger on the floor of the House, exclaiming, "These are the products of your French Revolutions," and Sheridan whispered slyly, "The gentleman has brought us the knife, but where is the fork?" It was Sheridan, too, who when some pompous member of Parliament had wound up his speech with a Greek quotation, promptly rose to reply, and convulsed the House by rolling out:

Τὸν δ' ἀναμειβόμενος προσέφη Σερδανίος ἦρως.

An Irish Parliament man was boasting in the House of Commons of his attachment to the trial by jury; "Mr. Speaker, with this trial by jury I have lived, and by the blessing of God with the trial by jury will I die." Curran sat near him, and whispered, audibly, "Why, Jack, do you mean to be hanged?"

Of the same kind was Sydney Smith's celebrated *jeu d'esprit* of Mrs. Partington:—

I do not mean (said the witty canon, addressing a meeting at Taunton in 1831) to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm at Sidmouth, and the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town: the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was aroused, Mrs. Partington's spirit was up, but I

need not tell you the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest.

Of the other—of meeting jesting with seriousness—a fine example is the dignified rebuke of the new-crowned Henry V. to the impudent familiarities of Falstaff and his old boon companions:

Reply not to me with some fool-born jest.

Presume not that I am the thing I was.

Among modern orators, the happiest in his hits has undoubtedly been Lord Beaconsfield, or rather "Dizzy"—for they belonged to his House of Commons' days—whether he was telling the House in a maiden speech that the time would come when they would hear him, or likening ministers opposite at the end of the session to a range of exhausted volcanoes, or congratulating himself on having a solid piece of mahogany between himself and the fervid Mr. Gladstone, or describing Sir Robert Peel as the head of an "organized hypocrisy," or as having found the Whigs bathing and stolen their clothes. He was always the "lord of irony, that master-spell"—always too imperturbably cool—cool, as Chalmers once said, as an "algebraic formula."

John Bright had what Aristotle calls the *ῥητορικὴ πίστις* the convincing earnestness, which is the most essential quality of the true orator, and he seldom jests; but one happy hit of his, "the earthquake pills," is worth recording. It was on the occasion of a proposal for a Catholic University in Ireland.

It reminds me (he said) of an anecdote related by Addison. Writing about the curious things which happened in his time, he says, "There was a man who made his living by cheating the country people. I do not

know whether it was Buckingham or not. He was not a Cabinet minister, he was only a mountebank, and he set up a stall and sold pills, which were very good against the earthquake. Well, that is about the state of things we are in now. There is an earthquake in Ireland. Does anybody doubt it? And when the member for one of the great cities of Ireland comes forward and asks the Imperial Parliament to discuss this great question, this social and political earthquake under which Ireland is heaving, the noble lord comes forward and offers that there shall be a clerically-governed endowed university for the sons of the Catholic gentlemen of Ireland.

Those who can remember thirty years back will not easily forget the sensation produced by Robert Lowe's anti-reform speeches. Mr. Gladstone had quoted the entry of the wooden horse into Troy:

Scândit fatalis machina muros,—etc.

There is a curious felicity (said Lowe, in replying) about the quotation which the right honorable gentleman little dreamt of. This is now the fifth Reform Bill that has been brought in since 1851. Now just attend to the sequel of the passage quoted. I am no believer in *Sortes Virgilianae*, and the House will see why in a minute:

O patria, O divum domus Ilium et
Inclyta bello
Maenia Dardanidum! Quater ipso in
limine portae
Substitit atque utero sonitum quater
arma dedere.
Instamus tamen immemores caecique
furore
Et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus
arce.

Temple Bar.

The French have a saying—*ennuyer —c'est tout dire*. It is a saying which speakers (and English speakers particularly) should take to heart. A bishop once rose to address the House of Lords, and began by saying he intended to divide his speech into twelve heads. Lord Durham thereupon got up and begged leave to interpose for a few minutes to tell the House an anecdote.

He was returning home (he said) a few nights before, and passed St. Paul's Cathedral just before midnight. As he did so there was a drunken man trying to see the time. Just then the clock began to strike the hour and slowly tolled out twelve. The drunken man listened, looked hard at the clock, and said: "D—n you, why couldn't you have said all that at once!"

After this relation the bishop condensed his remarks.

When Queen Caroline came over to England for that marriage with the Regent—afterwards George IV.—which turned out so disastrously, the Regent commissioned a certain Captain X. to present to Sir William Hoste, who was in command of the ship which brought over the bride, a sword of honor, and to accompany it with an appropriate speech. The captain was no orator. He boarded the ship, advanced to the quarter-deck, and with an admirable brevity, which the Spartans would have envied, exclaimed, "Billy, my boy, here be a sword for thee." It was what Charles Lamb calls "Nature's rhetoric." An hour's fine talk could not have done the business better.

Edward Manson.

ANNO DOMINI.

Anno Domini, most fashionable of all the complaints that affect frail human nature, unsurmountable, inextirpable fate of the unloved of the gods! we may try to disguise you, we may temporarily delude ourselves and others into fancying that you have not touched us yet, but in our heart of hearts we are painfully conscious of your presence all the same. And even if the freshness of the spring of the year, giving us a new lease of animal spirits, or the warmth of the summer sun, relaxing our stiffened joints, cause us to forget your existence for a while, the World—"this," as Mr. Slurk would say, "is popularity"—or, worse degradation, the Sportsman, not only wishes us many happy returns of the day, but with brutal and unnecessary candor blazons forth the intelligence that we were born on such and such a day of a very remote year.

Of course we fully recognize the fact that Anno Domini is essentially a masculine complaint. Any man with his wits about him knows more or less accurately how old each one of his male associates is. There are so many obvious ways of finding out, and friends are so cordially frank in the matter of betraying what they know, that for a male being to lie about his age is simply futile. But only women, or here and there a man to whom nature has imparted some of the foibles of the weaker sex, take the trouble to search out the ages of their sisters in Debrett; and when by any chance one of the fair sex does so far commit herself as to inscribe the year of her birth in our child's birthday-book, we accept the statement rather as a figure of speech than as a matter of fact. Even old-world Solomon, not at all times nor in all matters wholly complimentary to the fair sex, is careful to attribute that

mortality "which befallerh beasts" to the sons rather than to the daughters of men. We can well believe that the great sage, as husband of seven hundred wives, had learnt to measure his words on the delicate question of the age of womankind. From a more modern source we have, however, been given to know that woman, "lovely woman," has a chartered right to be inaccurate, if it so pleases her, in statements as regards her age. For have we not been informed on the best authority in the world—that, we mean, of the lady who for some years past has kindly poured out our tea in the morning—that when an expectant cook writes herself down as thirty years old, she really means that she is on the shady side of forty?

"But," we meekly inquired, "how old are they really, when they call themselves forty?"

"Oh, they never do that," was the answer, "or if they do, it means any age between fifty and a hundred."

We quite understood; for "forty" we must read "aged," and must handicap accordingly. We cannot for the moment recall whether sixty or seventy was Anthony Trollope's "Fixed Period" for retirement into his necropolis; but clearly thirty is the fixed period for self-respecting cooks and other domestic servants.

In the absence of any incriminating evidence to the contrary, a slight inaccuracy as to dates may be held excusable, and, after all, curiosity on the part of a male being as to the number of years during which his fair *vis-à-vis* at the dinner-table may have graced the world with her presence, is wholly impertinent and almost savors of sacrilege. Let the over-curious wight recall the fate of Peeping Tom, and the igno-

miny that pursued the intruder of the wrong sex who attempted to penetrate the mystery that shrouded the worship of Bona Dea.

"Women, gentlemen," said the enthusiastic Mr. Snodgrass, "are the great props and comforts of our existence." The right-minded man will echo the Pickwickian's sentiments, and think of woman as possessing many of the attributes of Anacreon's cicala, as "honored by mortals, loved by the gods, shrill-voiced, unaffected by age, untouched by pain, almost divine."

Let it be prefaced, then, that in our remarks about Anno Domini we shall in no way refer to the fair sex, whom we prefer to regard as enjoying an absolute immunity from such a reproach.

But how does Anno Domini affect those of our own sex? In ways sundry and divers! Some of us accept the inevitable with a good grace, others again resentfully. Men we have met who, wishing to be old men long, have in demeanor and an outward semblance become old men so early in life that they would have us imagine that they have realized Nicodemus' suggestion, and were born into the world at a mature age. Others are so preternaturally juvenile in their tastes, habits, and conversation, that we are sorely tempted to believe that gray hair is covering an infantile brain. "In much wisdom," the Preacher tells us, "is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

If, as in all charity we will hope, the converse of these propositions holds good, then in what an elysium of their own creation must a fair proportion of our elderly neighbors have been living! It would be difficult to imagine that Angelo Cyrus Bantam, "a charming young man of not much more than fifty, whose features were contracted into a perpetual smile," had ever burnt the midnight oil in the pursuit of scientific discovery. "If," as a great thinker

once said, "the wisest of our race often reserve the average stock of folly to be all expended upon some one flagrant absurdity," there are others who seem content to play the buffoon on life's stage from the cradle to the grave.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair it is getting quite white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think at your age it is right?"

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I was told it would injure my brain;
But now that I'm perfectly certain I've none,
Why, I do it again and again."

But we need not borrow instances of these apparent inconsistencies from the pages of fiction. In the history of our own country there have been many men in high places who have lived their lives and done their work before Anno Domini had got a fair grip of them. Others, again, whose opportunity has come at the eleventh hour, have shown qualities of statesmanship, or generalship, for which not even their most intimate friends would have given them credit. If, on the one hand, it is almost impossible to realize the fact that the younger Pitt was ever a "whining school-boy," much less an infant at all, the marvellous vitality and the exuberant enthusiasm of a late eminent statesman would have seemed to preclude the idea that he was really truly born when George III. was king, and was sent to school about the time that "Maga" was short-coated.

But now, with all due deference to the false quantity, "*Paullo minora canamus*," or in plain English, let us leave history and fiction alone and see how far the presence of Anno Domini affects the comfort of ourselves, and of our friends and acquaintances. But whereas we shrink from inflicting upon

the readers of "Maga" a new series of "Annals of an Uneventful Life," and acquit them of any desire to wade through a description of our personal relations with our cousins and our aunts, we will try to be as little egotistical as possible. So then of ourselves we will briefly say that if we were not exactly born either in the consulship of Plancus or before the battle of Waterloo, we plead guilty to baldness, unaccompanied, we trust, by unseemly juvenility; and that while young enough to enjoy a walk after partridges or a cricket-match, we are old enough to feel unconscionably stiff in the evening afterwards, yet foolish enough to repeat the experiment on the following day if the chance is given to us. Disclaiming the idea that we may be stigmatized like Falstaff as a "Veteran Vice," a "Gray Iniquity," we still think that "an occasional jolly bout, if not carried to excess, improves society," and still feel that we, like other men, are "put into good humor by it," and that "when the good wine does its office, the song, the jest, the speech has a better effect;" and if on the following morning we wake with the suspicion of a headache, we will not ungratefully charge the same wholly to the account of Anno Domini.

Few of us, we fancy, regard Anno Domini from what we may call a subjective or purely personal point of view. We cannot, for example, picture to ourselves a male being who will deliberately and out of malice prepense go up-stairs, lock his dressing-room door, and sitting down in front of his looking-glass study his features in the glass and note the havoc which length of days has wrought on a countenance once, in somebody's eyes at all events, pleasing to behold. Beau Brummell may, for all we know or care to know to the contrary, have done something of the sort; but we think of Beau Brummell rather as a "very, very pajock,"

than a man of bones and sinews. Even when we quarrel with nature and resent the fact that our hair and teeth do not last out our time, we do not saddle Anno Domini with the responsibility.

Delicta majorum immeritus lues.

While we may not regard our doctor as invariably and on all points infallible, we thank him for teaching us the thought that in the matter of scanty locks and decayed teeth we are the innocent victims of the excesses of our ancestors, rather than sufferers for our own works and deservings, or even our own ages. On occasions when our hairdresser, who apparently persists in mistaking us for Tittlebat Titmouse and expects us to buy his infallible hair-restorer, favors us with the old stereotyped remark, "Hair getting a little thin on the top, sir," it is a wholesome and comforting reflection that our great-great-grandfather is to be held accountable because he would drink that extra bottle of port night after night. And when the dentist pulls a long face over the condition of our teeth, we feel sure that our great-great-grandmother either indulged in too many sweetmeats or habitually over-ate herself. We do not in the least degree in the world wish to convey the idea that we grudge the old folks their port wine or their sweetmeats; on the contrary, we hope that they enjoyed them at the time, and were never haunted by the thought that their self-indulgences would be visited on the heads of an unborn posterity. But it is manifestly unfair to credit our dear friend Anno Domini with the disasters which ancestral gluttony has inflicted on modern generations.

We have been assured, and here again our authority is good, that when some old village gossip tells us—she means it for a compliment—that we are looking

very poorly, she really wishes us to understand that we are looking very old. And probably there are some days on which we both look and feel older than on others. But if left wholly to our own reflections—setting aside, that is, other people's personal remarks—we shall decline to entertain the idea that there is any fixed law of nature that shall compel us to feel one whit older when April Fool's Day comes round again than we do now on these Calends of February. From a personal point of view we are in the habit of regarding Anno Domini not as a master, but as a servant to be employed upon convenient occasions.

"Going to the play to-night, old fellow?"

"Oh, no; I am much too old for theatres."

Anglicè.—"I have got something better to do tonight."

"Going to Mr. A's party?"

"No; I'm afraid I'm rather past that sort of thing."

Anglicè.—"No fear: I went to one of Mrs. A's parties last month, and there wasn't a decent-looking woman in the room."

"Coming to play cricket at Woolwich next week?"

"No, no; that's a little beyond me, you know—I can't get down to them now."

Anglicè.—"Catch me playing at Woolwich again till they have relaid the ground. I got cut over here twice last week, and that is enough for one season."

"Would you like to come and call with me at the B's to-day?"

This from the wife of our bosom.

"Well, no, dear; you see, I've got a touch of that silly rheumatism, and I am rather taking care of myself."

Anglicè.—"What an extraordinary question! Did any woman every really know a man who liked paying calls? What is the good of a wife if she cannot leave her man's cards for him?"

When at another time of year the same lady, with some want of tact, suggests that partridge-driving in January or wading a trout-river in April is not altogether a good thing for our rheumatism, we feel justly aggrieved. Our rheumatism, as a lady of her experience might have gathered, is part and parcel of our Anno Domini, a sort of *deus ex machinâ* to be invoked when we want him, and we most certainly do not require his services when there are partridges to be shot or trout to be caught. It is not, we feel, as if we had invited her to come out and carry our cartridges, or to shiver on the bank with our landing-net, and thus to occupy a position analogous to that which we are expected to assume in the afternoon calling business.

"But," we seem to hear the lady say, "I do like watching you fishing when you catch anything."

"And I, too, my dear creature, have on occasions hardened my heart to pay an afternoon call at a select house where I have been sure that there will be no new baby either *in esse* or *in posse*."

We knew a man in the flesh, not so many years ago, who elected to celebrate after a fashion of his own the festival of Anno Domini about once in every six months. Most active both in mind and body on all other days in the year, on these solemn occasions he posed for four-and-twenty hours as being very, very old, old enough to be his own great-grandfather, and indulged himself in that isolation from society which we have heard ladies with High-Church tendencies describe as a Retreat.

We had occasion to notice that he was sufficiently weather-wise to select for the purpose one of those days which a fisherman's almanac might specify as being good for neither man nor beast. On such a day, wrapped up in a dressing-gown before a comforta-

ble fire, he would invite the respectful sympathy of his family, who quite entered into the spirit of the thing and understood that the master of the house expected to be cosseted, posseted, and generally made much of. Brandy-gruel and favorite titbits were administered at seemly intervals, and though we do not remember that straw was laid down in the street or that the door-knocker was muffled, a discreet parlor-maid was careful to whisper her answers to inquiring visitors with all the gravity due to so solemn an occasion.

"It is one of master's bad days, sir, and I am afraid you cannot see him."

The visitor had no cause for being unduly anxious. Experience would have taught him that if the next day was fine and bright the phoenix would rise from its ashes, and a rejuvenated Æson would gladden the hearts of his countrymen by discarding the dressing-gown and resuming the ordinary garb and habits of a vigorous nineteenth-century Englishman.

Most men, however, seem to view the advance of age from what we may call an objective point of view, critically studying the performances of their elders or contemporaries, and regulating their own line of conduct accordingly. We know one man, for instance, who for years past has never omitted to greet our own appearance in the cricket-field with the same remark, slightly personal, but always well-meant—"Awfully glad to see you playing here to-day, old fellow; you know that you are ever so much older than I am." And this puts us upon our mettle at once. For do we not feel that we are for the nonce serving as an object-lesson, and that there is somebody on the ground who is, if possible, even more keenly interested in our success than we are ourselves? And we can go home and sleep the sleep of the just that night, buoyed up

by the conviction that while others may have noted our shortcomings, and possibly resented the presence of an old fossil on the side, one man at any rate has been equally ready to observe any redeeming features in our play. There is a species of satisfaction even in the thought that we have one trumpeter surviving; for we know that for months to come he will find in our humble self a precedent for not giving up all semblance of juvenility, and that if any contemporary less energetic than himself ventures to suggest that cricket is a young man's game, an answer will be ready on his tongue.

"Too old to play cricket? What nonsense! Why, I met old What's-his-name playing the other day, and he got a heap of runs, and he's years older than I am."

If the pair of us, the veterans of our side, have been fair subject for criticism on the part of our juniors, how shrewdly in our turn have we watched the performances of the youngsters, half fancying that in our prime we were better men than they are now; sure in our own mind that in the years to come few of them will feel as vigorous as we feel ourselves to-day, sceptical perhaps as to the absolute superiority of young steel over old iron. And if it so happen that by any chance Ulysses, favored by the goddess, temporarily seems to regain his pristine strength and to bend the bow with more ease than Telemachus, how sweet the triumph, how unbounded the satisfaction to feel that there is some life in the old dog yet? We are both of us on the best of terms with Anno Domini for weeks to come, and so far from feeling oppressed by weight of years, inclined to give ourselves credit for more of them than we are really carrying.

But to reverse the picture, and regard the object lesson from another point of view. On those bad days

which come only too often, when time and everything else seems to be thoroughly out of joint, when the wind blows from the east or the ground is slippery, when the eye is faulty, and the muscles refuse to work properly, when the catches are dropped and the ball will persist in going between our legs, when, as a climax to our misfortunes, some volatile young gentleman is kind enough to run us out—who so grieved as our trumpeters? In the fall of Hector—this reads rather as if there were two trumpeters, but we must pose as his Hector just for this once—he foresees the ruin of Troy, in our discomfort he recognizes his own fate, and that night he goes home very sorry—for himself. We will hope that he may find some comfort in the thought that we really, after all, are “years” older than he is, and so thinking, may postpone the sale of his bat and pads for a period, at all events.

But Anno Domini has also, from the objective point of view, a sadder tale to tell. Some ten years ago we sat up smoking well into the small hours of the night in the company of an old army man, who had received his commission in or about the year that “Maga” first saw daylight. Time had dealt kindly with him; he was upright as a dart, in full possession of all his faculties, a brilliant pianist, and a most cheery and interesting companion. Suddenly, in the middle of a story of some adventure he had met with early in the century, he interpolated, almost by way of apology, “Of course, all those fellows are dead now. It’s a devilish odd thing, sir, but you’ve no idea how many of my contemporaries are dead; quite extraordinary, I call it.” And as if the remark had set him thinking, he shortly relapsed into silence, and we got no more stories out of him that night.

On our own shoulders Anno Domini may seem to sit lightly enough, the de-

cay of tissue that must be going on in our bodies may be unaccompanied by any disquieting symptom; but when we watch the narrowing circle of our contemporaries, and miss the faces of those “who have tolled and wrought and fought” with us, we cannot help asking ourselves the question why the one should have been taken and the other left.

Jam proximus ardet Ucalegon, the blaze, if the wind sets this way, will reach our own hearth next, and there will be yet another gap in the circle. It may be that, as the years roll on, our sense of pain, as of pleasure, grows less acute, and we become, comparatively speaking, callous; but it is only callous, comparatively speaking, after all, and to most of us, as we look round in vain for the old familiar faces, will come home the words in which Kingsley describes the feelings of the Argonauts when they landed on the shores of their beloved Hellas: “And their joy was swallowed up in sorrow while they thought of their youth, and all their labor, and the gallant comrades they had lost.” Apart from this, there is yet another way in which Anno Domini is in the habit of forcibly reminding us of his presence. It is an old saying that we may be thankful that we do not see ourselves as others see us. Sometimes, however, we come perilously near the brink of so doing. Absorbed in our work or amusements, we are apt to grow, happily, unconscious of the flight of time, and possibly for months together nothing special or untoward occurs to remind us that we are not so young as we were. Then comes a rude awakening. One day we suddenly run up against an old friend whom we have lost sight of for many years. When we had last met him—alas! a very long time ago—we had regarded him as the embodiment of manly strength and beauty, a veritable king of men—one of those

marvellous athletes to whom no feat of physical strength and endurance seemed to come amiss. Now he is nothing but a very ordinary mortal: there is absolutely nothing about his appearance to suggest that he was ever at any period of his existence comely to behold. The springy gait has become an ungainly shuffle; instead of the lithe figure which we once admired, we now shudder at a rotundity of form which might awake the envy of Mr. Weller senior; the well-favored face has become muddy-complexioned, and scored with deep lines; when he laughs we see the gaps in the "Ivory palace," when he takes off his hat we note the baldness. Even his clothes—and he used to dress so well, and we happen to know that he is not a poor man—are vilely made and vilely put on. In short, the disillusion is complete.

Our first feeling is one of genuine sorrow: it is a lamentable misfortune, we say to ourselves, that a fine figure of a man should have run to seed like that so early in life. Presently we proceed to impart our thoughts to some one else. We have a cup of tea at the club with a mutual friend, a man of the same standing as ourselves and our fallen idol, but a man, be it remembered, whom we are constantly in the habit of meeting. To him we unburden our soul.

"I ran up against old J. to-day," we remark, "and hardly knew him; in fact, should not have known him at all if I had not been told who he was."

"Why, I always thought that you prided yourself on your memory,—never forgot a face, and all that sort of thing."

"Well, I very seldom do forget a face"—this rather hotly; "but you never in your life saw a man so altered: you would not know him yourself if you met him in the street."

"Oh, yes, I should; I happen to see

him pretty often, and I stay with him occasionally. Perhaps you have not met him lately?"

To that proposition we cordially assent. We admit that we have not met old J. for a long time, never, in fact, since—since—how the years do fly, to be sure!—why, never since we took our degree; and how many years ago was that?

Our companion, who has, though he does not boast about it, a marvellous memory for facts, at once pounces upon the year.

"And old J.," he adds, "got a third in history the year after. Well, you know, old man, you and I are not quite so young as we were. I should imagine that J. is very likely thinking that you are aged a bit!"

No need to say anything more. "Thou art the man." The truth has come straight home to us at once; we do not require to be told a second time that J. has observed the change in ourselves quite as readily as we noticed the deterioration in him.

"Saw old A. to-day," we seem to hear J. telling some one; "horrible old crock he looks now: quite sad to see him."

It is, we will venture to hope, only when a *rencontre* of this type has temporarily disorganized our nervous system, or when a touch of liver has caused us to feel out of charity with mankind in general and ourselves in particular, that we go to bed at deadly feud with our old friend Anno Domini. For that one night at least we feel that we have a legitimate ground for complaint against him. He has been altogether too much in evidence, and has elected to bring the unpleasant fact of his existence before our eyes in an over-obtrusive and wholly unfriendly manner. Now at last we seem to have viewed him, not as in a glass darkly, but face to face, in all his hideous, naked reality. We court sleep in vain; our brain is preternaturally active.

Morbid and unsettled, we review the past, a whole tide of recollections comes surging up and flooding our mind, here and there the recollection of honors grasped or prizes won, mere oases in the desert, a *sauce piquante* to give relish to a nauseous olla-podrida of baffled schemes, disappointed hopes, lost opportunities, unfulfilled purposes.

We decline to believe in the existence of a middle-aged man, to whom a night spent in thoughts like these is an absolute stranger. For even self-satisfaction—to the possessor, at all events, most comfortable of all possessions—must have its limits.

Let us hope that the sun will be shining into our bedroom window in the morning and will dissipate the gloomy thoughts that have broken our rest; that the cheery song of the birds may charm away the evil spirit that has haunted us; that our vitality, if not our manhood, may come to our rescue and refuse to allow us to be enslaved by a mawkish and morbid sentimentality. Let us invoke the aid of our classical knowledge and take old Cato's wise advice, "We must resist old age and fight against it as a disease."

Let us make up our minds to keep with us in middle age, and further still, something of the youth, agreeing with the old Roman that "he who follows this maxim may become an old man in body, but never in heart." Or let us open the book of Harrow song, and learn a lesson from that.

To "look back and regretfully wonder what you were like in your work or your play," is an unsatisfactory process. We cannot put back the clock or replace ourselves, except in fancy, in the scenes of our schoolboy triumphs or reverses. But there may be still left for us

bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest
or fun,

Fights for the fearless and goals for
the eager,

Twenty and thirty and forty years
on.

Improved medical science, and a more perfect knowledge of the laws of hygiene, seem to have made men in these modern days "so strong" that they "come to fourscore years," but it is more or less left to the octogenarian himself to decide whether he will remain to the end an active and useful member of society, or cumber the ground by playing the part of an automatic grumbling machine. As yet we hardly feel educated up to the point of being able to analyze the feelings of "Maga's" contemporaries. But among men of our own generation we seem to know many who live every day of their life with the determination to take Anno Domini as he comes, and to make the best of him; not a few who waste the present either in regretting the past or moaning over the future. Men of this latter type, if taken to task in their habit of accentuating their own misery by constant grumbling, plead excuses of indifferent health, torpid liver, or chronic indigestion.

"It's all very well for you to talk," they tell us; "but if you had to live the life that we do," etc., etc.

For the real invalid we are unfeignedly sorry. Our sympathy for the valetudinarian extends unto the third and fourth generation, whom we shall expect to be "*sans* hair, *sans* teeth, *sans* everything" at a very early age. Chronic indigestion and torpid livers seem to suggest self-indulgence and gluttony, either personal or hereditary.

Some of our contemporaries are silent by nature, and seem to grow more reticent each year; and here is at once an interesting problem to be solved. It is a rejuvenating pastime to set oneself seriously to work to discover whether these silent members of so-

clety are merely men who were not only born without intelligence, but have also failed to pick up any idea in their way through the world, or whether they are those strong silent men on whose lips we hang, when they do speak, in the certainty that what they say will be well worth the hearing. Most of us probably talk too much, and that thought again sets us wondering why Anno Domini, though he limits our activity and sensibly affects our eyesight and powers of hearing, allows the human tongue to wag on to the end of the chapter with undiminished vigor. If we may count the art of conversation as a virtue, we are tempted to borrow a phrase from Aristotle and decide that the silent man approaches the mean state more nearly than he who runs into the opposite extreme. Young men are on the whole complaisant to the old fogies of our standing, and are not uncivil enough to wish to push us off our stools if we on our part are wise enough to be decently chary of our conversation. There are even occasions when it may interest them to hear of things that happened before they were born. But in the days when we had to struggle with our Homer, Nestor used to bore us consumedly with his long-winded narrations of his youthful experiences. Achilles and Hector, Ajax and Æneas, we were prepared to accept as real personages: they dealt in hard blows and bloody deeds, matters that commended themselves to the boyish mind; and in consideration of the fact that they knew no better, we condoned the offence of their talking an outlandish dialect. But we drew the line at the Gerenian Knight altogether, and when he told us how he had vanquished Clytemnestra, overthrown Anchæus, etc., etc., we were inclined to vow with Betsy Prigg that "we don't believe there is no such person."

At a later period of our existence we were grievously tormented by a long-winded old party, a sort of one-man one-story individual. He too, like the Greek veteran, was more or less mixed up with horses, and used to drive us out to various rivers in years when we went fishing in Cornwall.

The way was long, the wind was cold, The minstrel was infirm and old;

but the minstrel had a keen sense of duty, and clearly thought that his duty lay in entertaining his fare. Possibly the readers of "Maga" would feel as much bored as we used to feel if we attempted to inflict upon them that interminable story. We will briefly say it was the tale of a youth who used to fish the Cornish streams somewhere in the dark ages, who never failed to catch the respectable total of three dozen and a half, and generally met with a series of misadventures in the course of the day. The story always commenced in an interrogative style.

"I was a-wondering, sir, if as how you was the young gen'man as used to come to these parts," etc., etc.

For three years, at the rate of some five or six times per year, we denied the imputation, and listened with resignation to the yarn. But there came a limit to our patience, and, alas! to our veracity. In an evil hour we boldly tried the experiment of asserting our identity with the mythical youth. The result was disastrous: not one jot or one tittle of the legend was suppressed, and we were furthermore pestered by a series of conundrums all commencing with the phrase, "And don't you mind as how?"

At last there came to our rescue a fisherman friend from London, keen on sport, dour of nature, unsympathetic to a degree as an auditor of long yarns, wholly uneducated in the art of suffering fools gladly. We put him to sit in front of the dogcart and told

him that he would find the driver a most entertaining companion. Rather to our surprise, even he, the unsympathetic man, being preoccupied in making up a cast, sat through one recitation and grunted assent at proper intervals. But the second reading he nipped in the bud in the most unfeeling manner.

"I was a-wondering," began Jehu.

"Well, I shouldn't if I was you—it's a bad habit. But if you were wondering whether I was the young gentleman and so forth, as I told you yesterday, I was nothing of the kind, and I don't want to hear anything more about him. You are paid to drive and not to talk, so just look after your horse, and don't talk to me."

The young man of the present day may be forgiven if he declines to listen with rapt attention to the lengthy tales of his seniors, and may earn the thanks of society at large if he invents a polite way of suppressing that common pest, the *raconteur* whose stock-in-trade consists of a fixed number of stories to be told with variations. This particular type of story-teller should be condemned to bear in a future state the penalty of the evil thoughts and wicked words which he has evoked from others in this world. Kindly affectioned as we feel that the rising generation is inclined to be towards those of maturer age, let us forbear

while in their company to prematurely usurp the office of Nestor and to prose of doughty deeds by others unrecorded and unsung, *quorum pars magna fui*.

"I wonder what the old man's handi-cap at golf is," we can hear them say. For they may know—as what golfer does not know?—that there is a really old man at St. Andrews who can still cut the combs of many a youngster, and who, instead of talking of what he could do in the years that are past, is ready to show us what he is capable of to-day.

Let us postpone the evil day for weaving romances of our past prowess till we can tell them to our grandchildren, who may appreciate that form of fairy-tale. It will hardly enhance the satisfaction of the youngster who has done a thing well himself to be told that there was a time when we could have done it better, nor shall we gain advantage in the present by investing our past with an imaginative halo.

Rather let us take the good things that the gods have bestowed on this latter-day generation—the bicycle, the golf-club, the hammerless gun—and try to hold our own with the youngsters in the present; and in the future let us hope there may be "a something ere the end," some work not unbecoming the humblest of the contributors to the pages of the ever-vigorous, though now octogenarian, "Maga."

Blackwood's Magazine.

O DAUGHTER OF THE ISLAND OF WOODS!

O daughter of the Island of Woods;
The poets who labor all their days,
To build a perfect beauty in rhyme,
Are overthrown by a woman's gaze
And by the heavens' unlaboring broods:
And therefore my heart bows down anew
At hush of evening, till God burn time,
Before the unlaboring stars and you.

W. B. Yeats.

THE "WHITE MAN'S BURDEN."

It is the prerogative of Mr. Rudyard Kipling to embody in ringing verse the latent thought of the English-speaking peoples. All England leaped at the "Recessional," for he expressed in those fine lines our secret fear that we were growing vainglorious, too full of the pride of life, too charmed with our own success, and that we needed pardon from the Lord for spiritual fatness. We can but hope that his address to the American people will make a similar impression, for it conveys, in language almost as powerful, though not quite as simple, as that of the "Recessional," the truth which we have for a lifetime been endeavoring to preach. The duty of the white man is to conquer and control, probably for a couple of centuries, all the dark peoples of the world, not for his own good, but for theirs; to give them the chance of development which comes with a stable and well-ordered peace; to break for ever, if such breaking be possible, that strange arrest of progress which for so many centuries has benumbed their powers, and which leaves two-thirds of the world such hells upon earth that if the white man realized the truth, all the strength of the good would be absorbed in one great effort to ameliorate their condition. To Asia the world owes all the great creeds it has, yet no Asiatic, untaught by a European, believes a reasonable creed; while in Africa the millions who have thought of nothing, invented nothing, built nothing, and founded nothing, live on more like evil children or animals with human form than like men with intellects and souls. It is surely the duty of the white man, who has advanced so far that he is almost bewildered by the

rushing multitude of his acquirements, who has made of himself, through the favor of God, a restrained and self-controlling human being, and who can put on at will for any task the enchanted armor of science which no barbarian force, however vast, may pierce, to try at least whether he cannot terminate this arrest, and set the whole race of man free to work out the destiny intended for him. We all admit that duty within our own narrow lands, and try to perform it towards our own savages, and the extension of our work, if we can extend it over the whole world, cannot but be good. Only we must perform it in the right spirit, taking it up, as Mr. Kipling sings, as "the white man's burden," seeking no profit beyond fair pay for honest work, shrinking from no accusation except that of wilful oppression, and above all, expecting no gratitude from those whom we may help to redeem. If we fail, and we may fail yet, for we are not yet sure that our patience will hold out under the necessary self-sacrifices, "the new caught, sullen peoples, half devil and half child," will curse us by all their gods; while if we succeed, and we may succeed, for we are slowly succeeding at home, they will but bid us begone unthanked, perhaps use their new powers, the discipline enforced on them, the knowledge by degrees poured into them, to inflict on us untold miseries. If Asia acquired but half our science without acquiring our character and creed, and could lead Africa as Arabs even now lead negroes, she could extirpate the white man, and would do it with the glee of an evil child as it tears a mouse or crushes a butterfly into powder. Nevertheless, there is our duty clear

before us, and Mr. Kipling, in this instance humbly following the Providence which is clearing the path, and compelling us all, even against our wills, to enter on it, bids us perform it, though we do but "reap the old reward, the blame of those we better, the hate of those we guard."

But then, is it a duty? The question is not an empty one, for it is at this moment disputed by a third of America, perhaps the best third, certainly the most cultivated; it makes some of the best Christians at home irresolute in their course, and hesitating in their approval; and we have heard Anglo-Indians, while civilizing provinces, doubt audibly, in a sort of agony of introspection, whether the work they were performing was "a great duty or a great dacoity." It seems to us that in principle the path is clear, if indeed we have any responsibility for our fellow-men, or for the benevolent use of our own powers—and if we have not, what is the teaching of all the wisest worth?—and in practice the question resolves itself into one of method only. If we could civilize Asia and Africa by persuasion, by teaching, by example, no one, and especially no one of those who oppose conquest, would dream of opposing such an undertaking, though each man might contend that civilization meant something which all the rest denied. It is the use of force alone to which objection is raised, and which requires justification. What right, it is asked, can you have to rule men who do not consent to your rule, to deprive them of their freedom, to order that they shall live in this way or that when they declare with blows their preference for their own way? If we admitted, as some do, that all men were equal, and that apparent differences were chiefly matters of form, we should say this argument was nearly irresistible; but we cannot

admit the hypothesis. There is no more equality among the races than among men. The same right which justifies those in a country who are wise enough to see what is gained by order, justice, and lenity in securing those good things even through policemen and soldiers, justifies the wiser races in compelling the less wise race to pursue the only course which can cure them of their deficiencies. There are races which are morally lunatic, races which are as children, races which are to the white man as the lowest residuum of Europe are to English Judges, and the right to protect them, to educate them, to guide and urge them, seems to us as clear in the one case as in the other. No one objects when a state suppresses a momentary anarchy within its own dominions, and why, if circumstances seem to open up the path, should it hesitate to put down anarchy in the Philippines? Our contention is that, as in a school, the conditions of progress in the world are peace, order, and the leadership of the white race, which alone has displayed inexhaustibly that faculty of accumulating wisdom which is the first distinction between man and the animal kingdom. We say nothing of the ruin of generations involved in the method of persuasion—fancy the ages to be wasted in persuading Turks to govern in Armenia as we govern in Ceylon—and point to the grand fact that on the Yangtse, on the Nile, on the Niger, on the Congo, in all the vast tropical valleys inhabited by a third of the human race, there has been in the last two thousand years, if anything, retrogression. What business is that of ours? That is just what Rudyard Kipling is trying to explain to the excellent American Cains who refuse to consider themselves responsible for Abel, but who, if he offends them, shoot without remorse. It is not their

fault; we are all doing it, and some of us, like the Belgians on the Congo, doing much worse. To say we may interfere, with our scientific weapons, to protect ourselves, to further our trade, to open ports and harbors—as we did both in Japan and China—but may not when the path opens interfere to govern, seems to us a conviction which can have its ultimate root only in perfect selfishness. If we claim to interfere at all, we must “take up the burden,” though it renders the pace slow and the sweat almost unendurable. There is solid thought in all Mr. Rudyard Kipling’s new verses, but the wisdom which the world most

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needs just now lies, we are convinced, in the last two:—

Take up the White Man’s burden—
Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloak your weariness.
By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the White Man’s burden!
Have done with childish days—
The lightly-proffered laurel,
The easy, ungrudged praise;
Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night! Now dwindle wan and low
The embers of the afterglow,
And slowly over leaf and lawn
Is twilight’s dewy curtain drawn.
The slouching vixen leaves her lair,
And, prowling, sniffs the tell-tale air.
The frogs croak louder in the dyke,
And all the trees seem dark alike:
The bee is drowsing in the comb,
The sharded beetle hath gone home:
Good-night!

Good-night! The hawk is in his nest,
And the last rook hath dropped to rest.
There is no hum, no chirp, no bleat,
No rustle in the meadow-sweet.
The woodbine, somewhere out of sight,
Sweetens the loneliness of night.
The Sister Stars, that once were seven,
Mourn for their missing mate in Heaven.
The poppy’s fair frail petals close,
The lily yet more languid grows,
And dewy-dreamy droops the rose:
Good-night!

Alfred Austin.

THE COMING POPE.

The recent illness of Leo XIII. has once more drawn the attention of the Italians to the future relations of the Papacy and the Italian kingdom; and this important question has received a further stimulus from the remarkable volume entitled "*Il Papa Futuro*," which has just been published at Turin, and has already aroused a large amount of criticism in the Italian press. The anonymous author and his critics appear, however, to be agreed upon several points with regard to the personality, though not the policy, of Leo XIII.'s eventual successor. In Italy, at any rate, it is accepted as certain that the next occupant of the Vatican will be an Italian; and thus English and American Cardinals must content themselves with the historic memory of Nicholas Breakspear, the one Anglo-Saxon who has ever been Pope. But it is recognized, on the other hand, that the non-Italian Cardinals, if they have no chance of election themselves, will turn the scale in favor of some Italian candidate. This was the case at the election of the present Pope, in February, 1878, and since then the number of the non-Italian electors has been increased. In the majority of two-thirds, which is necessary to secure a valid election, their influence will, therefore, be decisive, and probably the Governments of their respective countries will, as of old, endeavor to direct this influence in favor of a candidate who is likely to prove a *persona grata* to the Great Powers. One or two names suggest themselves out of the thirty-one Italian Cardinals, as being most likely to fulfil these conditions. At present the two favorite candidates appear to be Cardinal Luigi Oreglia, of Santo

Stefano, and Cardinal Vannutelli Serafino. The former of these *Cardinali papabili*, as the Italians call them, is a Piedmontese, who is seventy-one years old and *doyen* of the Sacred College, of which he has been a member for over a quarter of a century. He has held a great number of high ecclesiastical offices, belongs to a noble family, and has had diplomatic experience in both Holland and Portugal. Moreover, in his capacity of Chamberlain of the Church, he would be called upon to direct its affairs during the so-called *novendiali*, or interregnum between the papal vacancy and the opening of the Conclave, and would thus have ample opportunities of furthering his candidature. His age, considered by some as a disadvantage, may perhaps be regarded rather as a point in his favor. Not a few Popes have been chosen because they were old. Leo XIII. was close upon sixty-eight when he was elected, and Pius IX. was nominated because he was infirm and delicate. Cardinal Vannutelli Serafino is six years younger, was born in the neighborhood of Rome, and is at present bishop of the charming suburban town of Frascati, in the cathedral of which is the memorial to the Young Pretender. He, too, has been an important member of various ecclesiastical committees, and as a diplomatist has served at Munich, Brussels, and Vienna, as well as in Mexico, Ecuador, and Peru. He therefore knows a great deal about international politics, and is said to possess a large measure of prudence—a quality which, together with learning and piety, is (according to the ancient maxim) that which the electors to the Papacy seek especially in their candi-

dates. And prudence is certainly more necessary than learning—we assume piety as a matter of course—in a Pope during this critical period of European history.

It is generally believed among Italians that the coming Pope will perforce continue the same policy towards the King as his two predecessors. That he will assume an aggressive line is most unlikely, because he would not be strongly supported by any large body of Italian Catholics and would find little aid or encouragement in other Catholic countries. Austria-Hungary is the ally of King Umberto; Spain is too weak; France, "the eldest daughter of the Church," is no longer Clerical, and is drawing closer to the kingdom of Italy. The German Emperor, even for the sake of the hundred Catholic votes of the Reichstag, would not break up the Triple Alliance by aiding in the restoration of the Temporal Power. On the other hand, the next Pope is not likely to accept the logic of facts, let bygones be bygones, and make his peace with the House of Savoy. It would be an immense benefit for Italy if he did so; but the policy of the Vatican is not, and will not soon be, a national and an Italian one. The successor of Leo XIII. is certain, by reason of his age, to be a man who was nurtured in the traditions of the old Italy which existed before 1870. At least another complete generation must pass before a Pope will arise to whom the days of the Temporal Power will be no more than any other piece of ancient history. That the anti-Italian policy of the last twenty-eight years has been a mistake, even from the standpoint of the Vatican, is, indeed, clear to many Catholics themselves in Italy. If we contrast the extraordinary success of the Catholic party in Germany, under the late Dr. Windthorst and his successors, with

the failure of the Clericals in Italy, we see at once how much more might have been gained for the Church had the Pope allowed his faithful followers to take part in Italian politics, instead of subscribing to the formula of *nè eletti, nè elettori*. As Italian Parliaments are constituted, a small but compact Catholic party might have easily made compacts with Governments in need of a majority similar to those which the Centre in the German Reichstag used to conclude with Prince Bismarck. It may have been a blessing for Italy that the Pope has not been sufficiently shrewd to follow this line; but, on the other hand, the long schism between the Quirinal and the Vatican is a source of great perplexity to patriots who are also strong Catholics, while it has lost to the Papacy the support of Catholics who are also strong patriots. If a formula could be devised which would create harmony between the two rival interests at Rome without injuring the feelings of the Pope or the sovereign rights of the King, it would be a great advantage as things now stand. The Vatican is the place where clever formulas have ere now been evolved to suit the political conditions of the times. But it is significant that a Pope who has thrown himself on the side of the Republicans in France, who has sympathized with labor movements and at the same time endeavored to reconcile them with the rights of employers, who is a strong monarchist in Spain, and who has framed a special encyclical for the needs of the United States, should yet have failed to discover any *modus vivendi* between Church and State in Italy.

We need hardly consider as probable the extreme policy advocated by the author of "Il Papa Futuro," for his critics in Italy have shown its absurdity. No one seriously supposes

ers allowed the innovators to restore the chancels, to bring back the surpliced singing men, and to establish a ceremonial of chant and song. Generosity in the victors there was none. There was under their new *régime* no more place for the old parish clerk than there was for a proper *aquæ bajulus* in the Georgian service. But could not they have bid him, after three centuries of absence, to walk back in his surplice to the chancel, and be again what he was in the Middle Ages, the precentor of the parish church?

Naught of this they did. They have

The Saturday Review.

left him to a nominal office; they have deprived him of fixity of tenure; and, as far as the law will tolerate, of fees.

As was the Holy Roman Empire of the days of Goethe to that of the days of Horace, is the parish clerk of Victorian times to the parish clerk of the Georges. He excites no hatreds now, nor even regrets; nay, even the confiscations of Liberationists pass him quietly by.

Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalla tangunt.

THE NORTH-WEST—CANADA.

Oh, would ye hear, and would ye hear
Of the windy, wide North-West?
Faith! 'tis a land as green as the sea,
That rolls as far and rolls as free,
With drifts of flowers, so many there be,
Where the cattle roam and rest.

Oh, could ye see, and could ye see
The great gold skies so clear,
The rivers that race through the pine-shade dark,
The mountainous snows that take no mark,
Sun-lit and high on the Rockies stark,
So far they seem as near.

Then could ye feel, and could ye feel
How fresh is a Western night!
When the long land-breezes rise and pass
And sigh in the rustling prairie grass,
When the dark blue skies are clear as glass,
And the same old stars are bright.

But could ye know, and for ever know
The word of the young North-West!
A word she breathes to the true and bold,
A word misknown to the false and cold,
A word that never was spoken or sold,
But the one that knows is blest.

